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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

WITH the first installment of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's new story, "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT," which will be found in another column of this week's issue, we take occasion to give our readers a sketch of his life, which we trust will prove especially interesting just at this moment.

"Genius is patience," Buffon used to say. The genius of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton requires a more comprehensive definition. Patience is one of its elements. But there are besides, industry, incessant activity, the most varied research, a prodigious memory, surprising command of all the varied facts and experiences gathered away from day to day, and, above all, perseverance under difficulties, unshaken, pertinacious courage which never gives up, and a cool, correct, and never-faltering judgment of his own undeveloped powers, and of the capabilities and wants of the age. These seem to us some of the more prominent concomitants which go to make up the genius of the most brilliant and versatile writer of our time.

Novelist, dramatist, essayist, poet, historian, orator, politician, and man of the world—all these positions has he filled with credit to himself. In each, except the last, has he started out with a failure, worked ahead against discouraging circumstances, and impediments both natural and circumstantial, and ultimately reached the goal he had set for himself, despite of critical pooh-poohings and the forestalling judgments of the would-be wise.

There is a wholesome lesson to the beginner, in whatever career in life, in the development of Bulwer Lytton's genius. It teaches that not what he would like best should the young man apply himself to, but what of all he *can* do is most likely to succeed; that judgment, not individual preference, should control the choice; that persevering labor, not indolent aspiration, is the chief constituent element of that genius which alone is worthy of success.

Born to independence and the prospect of a fortune, it is no little to the credit of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton that he overcame the cumbering advantages of wealth and station ready made to his hand, and found his greatest gratification in labor—which most in his position would have shunned as diligently as he pursued. Our author is the son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Henry W. Lytton, Esq., of Knebworth Park, Herefordshire. His collegiate course was completed at Cambridge, where he wrote a prize poem on Sculpture. He had always a passion for poetry; wrote verses in childhood, which received the praises of his mother; and first came before the public as a versifier, in a small volume called "Weeds and Wild-Flowers," dating 1826, and now out of print.

But the age was Byron-mad, and there was no opening for another poet. So young Bulwer, ever practical, ever bearing in mind that to succeed the proper force must be brought to bear *in the proper place*, turned his attention to prose composition. Poetry, as we have said, was his passion. He read it lovingly, and wrote it easily. Prose he wrote only with singular trouble and exertion. But in this department, if any where, he felt he must make his mark; and so he set himself stubbornly down to accomplish that for which he had naturally a violent distaste. Speaking of his first attempt in prose, he says, "I wrote with incredible difficulty and labor." And further, "To a critical study of the rules of fiction, I owe every success in literature which I have attained; and in the mere art of composition, if I have now attained to even too rapid a facility in expressing my thoughts, it has been purchased by a most laborious slowness in the first commencement, and a resolute refusal to write a second sentence until I had expressed my meaning in the best manner I could in the first. * * * They (beginners) forget that art does not come by inspiration."

"Falkland," a novel, appeared in 1827. It met with a, to the young author, rather flattering reception, but was, nevertheless, comparatively a failure, being now among the least known of his works. In 1828 "Pelham" appeared, and the world began to know that a new star had risen in the literary horizon. "Pelham" was the object of much adverse criticism. It was called heartless, immoral, and the author was supposed to have written out his own social experiences with ill-natured fidelity. But the book was read, and its successor anxiously looked for.

"The Disowned," 1828, and "Devereux," 1829, were the next works. Though not equal to "Pelham," they were noted for many fine touches of the poetry and passion which were the marked peculiarities of the young author. It was, however, a step down; and in the next two volumes—"Paul Clifford" and "Eugene Aram" (1830)—while their author was raised in the esteem of the critical, for his masterly portraitures of passion, and his keen insight into the human heart, he again lost ground in the hearts of those who had watched most anxiously the development of his powers. There was genius; but it was not used to the best purpose.

During this year, too, was published "The Siamese Twins," a serio-comic poem, which met with some success at the time, but probably proved to its author that not in this field of literature need he look for the laurels he coveted.

Bulwer now became editor of a London monthly, "to prove," so it was reported he said, "that a gentleman might occupy such a position"—a speech so much in keeping with the character of "Pelham," which then passed for Bulwer's own, that it was readily credited and laughed at. But he proved much more. He showed what industry and perseverance can do when rightly applied; and he proved to doubters that Bulwer the essayist could make himself every whit as noted for grace, lofty thought, and wide erudition, as Bulwer the novelist was known for his command of passion and satire.

A series of papers contributed to the magazine which he edited, under the title of "Conversations of an ambitious Student," were afterward collected and republished under the title of "The Student."

Meanwhile Bulwer was fulfilling ably his parliamentary duties, and there again proving the futility of all adverse criticisms and prophesies upon one who was determined to succeed.

"He will never be a speaker," was said, when he first entered the House of Commons. His weak voice, somewhat florid style, and fastidious nicety in dress, were against him. But his train of argument surmounted these obstacles, and very shortly, on a vital question, he decided the House. This was on the Bill for Establishing a Dramatic Copyright Law; and the brilliant speech of that day has been ably followed up, until at the beginning of the present year we find Sir E. Bulwer Lytton delighting the *élite* of Glasgow by an oration in her academic halls, displaying an eloquence at once the most ornate, the most impassioned, and the most stubbornly practical to which those halls ever echoed.

Meantime, in the midst of speeches Parliamentary, pamphlets political, essays learned and critical, and duties editorial, Mr. Bulwer was preparing "England and the English" (1833); a work revealing deep thought and keen investigation, and which might well have been called "An Exposition of the Influences of Aristocracy."

A Continental tour resulted next in that most charming and graceful of summer books—half story, half fairy tale—the "Pilgrims of the Rhine." It was to Bulwer a new department of fiction; and the deep pathos, the genial feeling displayed in the book, redeemed the author from some faults which had been ungraciously imputed to him.

On this followed "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi"—two novels portraying, in glowing colors and with an irresistible charm, the old Roman world, and bearing the reader pleasantly back to the days and characters of centuries ago.

Next came "Ernest Maltravers" and its sequel, "Alice; or, the Mysteries"—displaying an intensely morbid sentimentalism which made these two works certainly unworthy the author of "Rienzi" and "Pompeii."

In the same year (1837) Bulwer gave a further proof of his industry and versatility in the production of a play. "The Duchess de la Villiere" was acted at Covent Garden Theatre. As usual with his first efforts, it was not successful. When he tried again, producing "The Lady of Lyons," he succeeded eminently; and at this day no plays are more favorably received by the public than "The Lady of Lyons," "Money," and "Richelieu."

Successful as a dramatist, our author next appeared as historian of the "Rise and Fall" of Athens; winning for himself golden opinions as historian and philosopher. "Leila" and "Calderon" were the next (1838), followed (1841) by "Night and Morning," a domestic tale, and "The Last of the Barons"—a gorgeous historical romance, which placed its author in this department of fiction upon a par with the author of "Ivanhoe."

These were followed by "Zanoni"—a story of the Rosicrucian mysteries, displaying the usual genius, but not in a satisfactory way. Besides these, to this period belong "Day and Night," "Lights and Shadows," "Glimmer and Gloom," "Eva, the Ill-Omened Marriage," together with "The New Timon" and "King Arthur," two poems, published anonymously. "Harold," and "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night," a tale of guilt and horror, founded upon some extraordinary facts, complete what may be called the middle period of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's author life, dating from the publication of the "Disowned."

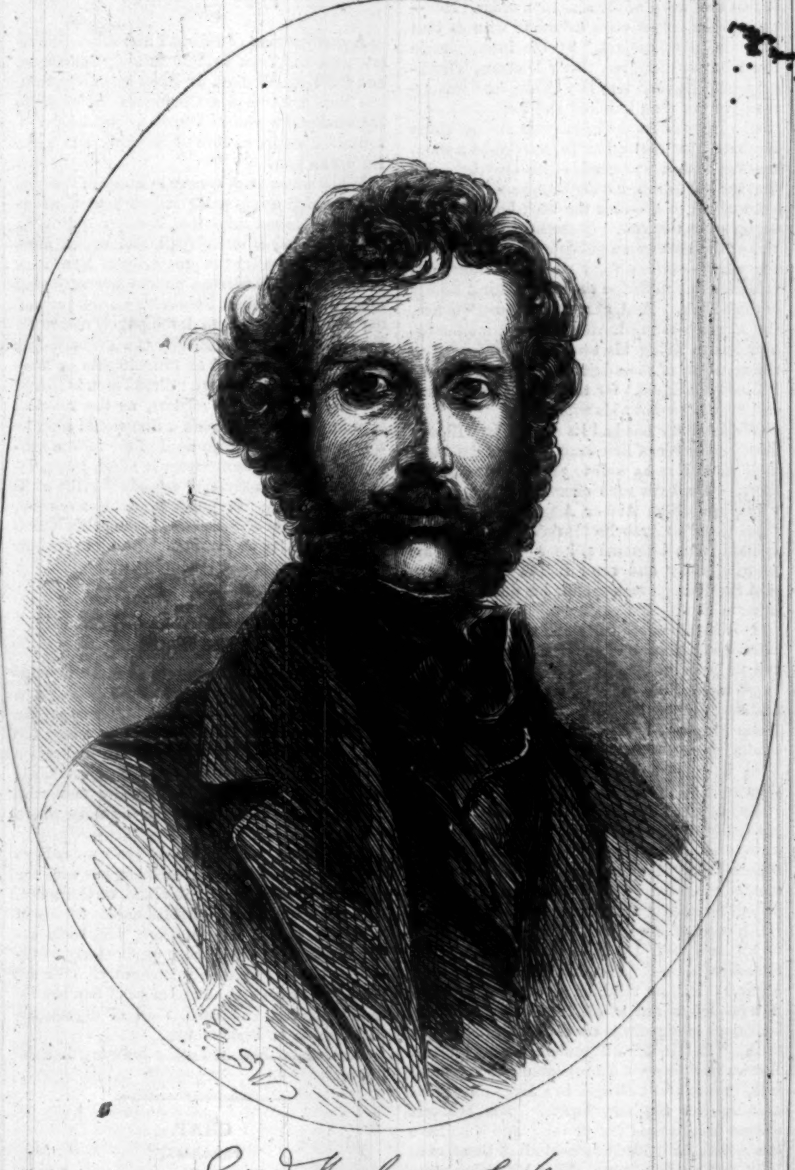
At this time (1845) our author was apparently standing upon that pinnacle of fame for which he had worthily striven; successful in almost every department of fiction-writing, as author, politician, and historian. He seemed to the superficial observer to have attained his maximum of achievement. But those who knew and loved him best expected yet something better worth his tireless genius—a work which should be as a capsheaf to the pillar. They were not disappointed. "The Caxtons" commenced, singularly enough, simultaneously with "Lucretia," differs radically in treatment from that and every other of its predecessors. We need not here speak of this exquisite home picture; of the inexpressible pathos of those simple home records related autobiographically by the younger Caxton. Of this work Sir E. Bulwer Lytton says himself: "It is the first of my writings in which humor has been employed, less for the purpose of satire than in illustration of amiable characters. It is the first, too, in which man has been viewed less in his active relations with the world than in repose at his own hearth." It is, in fact, a beautiful and truthful family picture, which came home to the heart of every man, woman, and child that read it, and introduced "Bulwer" to the hearty friendship of a class of readers who had been till then chary of their approval. "The Caxtons," and its successor "My Novel," gave their author a place in the hearts of Christian men and women, and made his name a pleasant household word wherever English is read or English homes are loved. It was a noble fulfillment to the bright promise of "Pelham," "Rienzi," and Pompeii."

In these two works the author's genius appears as cleared from the impurities which sometimes, in his earlier days, stood between it and the sublimest truths. The brilliant foppery of Pelham, the dazzling sophistry of Eugene Aram, the morbid sentimentalism of Maltravers, have dissolved away, and the pure genius which only could have erred so brilliantly flows out into the greatest of quiet fictions.

And what a promise these books give for the future! In reading them we feel that it is but now their author has found his true place in the field of fiction, and that from his present stand-point we may expect from him works equaling, if not excelling, even those two with which he has so well initiated his crowning epoch. It is no ordinary treat the readers of *Harper's Weekly* have before them—that of perusing in these columns another novel by the author of "The Caxtons."

Our space forbids more than a mere mention of the titles of our author's minor publications, which include a treatise on Protection, some dramas, a pamphlet on the cold-water cure, and some small volumes of poems.

Sir E. B. Lytton is yet in the prime of his powers. His career affords a noble example of perseverance under difficulties, and triumphs over obstacles which to most would have appeared insurmountable. It is the triumph of a genius ever



Edwd Bulwer Lytton

awake to what is practical and therefore practicable, and never wasting its powers on visions, however delightful—undeterred by labor in the pursuit of an object, and scorning to loiter easily by the way. The young man, feeling himself the possessor of certain powers, curbs the natural inclination to an unsuccessful utterance, and instead of vainly sighing rhythmical laments over the unappreciative spirit of the age, bends himself manfully to the task which his judgment tells him *will* give him what he seeks—a name and place among men. To such an one success is ever sure.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857.

ARE WE IN DANGER OF ANARCHY?

A JUDICIOUS London contemporary, in the course of a review of the municipal contest in this city, hints at the inference that our institutions are breaking down, and that we are gradually settling into anarchy. A knowledge of the pending contest in Ohio, in which the issue is simply whether the Federal laws are laws or not, would doubtless have confirmed the impression of the English critic.

No doubt appearances are unfavorable for our reputation as a law-abiding people. Of the Acts passed at the last session of the Legislature two have been practically nullified, and two or three others receive a very equivocal support. A former Act of the same body—the Prohibitory Liquor Law—was always a dead letter in this and other cities. From the first the Fugitive Slave Law has been a mere comminatory enactment; a few slaves have been reclaimed under it at a cost of ten times their value; but if the South were wise, future attempts to enforce it would be discountenanced. Nor is this all. From the unexampled scope of judicial authority in this country, our Legislatures possess far less power than similar bodies in free foreign nations. Judges, being men, are rarely free from political bias. A pretty shrewd guess can generally be formed as to the judgment of the highest courts on questions involving party issues; and while, on the one hand, the bench makes no scruple to overturn laws on grounds strongly smacking of partisanship, individual judges have latterly come to use the discretionary power of issuing writs of *habeas corpus* and injunctions on a principle that menaces possible peril to the administration of justice.

This is the case against us. We have no wish to palliate its gravity.

It would, of course, be far better for the country, and of better example to foreign nations, if these unseemly collisions between the people and their representatives, Courts and Legislatures, could be avoided. Impotent laws breed a lawless people. But there are considerations which deserve some thought before we resign ourselves to prospective anarchy.

Dead-letter laws are no novelty. The statute-books of every country in the world are full of them. Over a hundred articles of the Code Napoleon—probably the best system of law that has ever been framed—have always been inoperative. As for the laws of England, at least one half of them are, and have been for years, absolute nullities. We believe, for instance, that the *peine forte et dure*—by which a culprit who refused to plead was sentenced to be smothered to death between two mattresses—has never been stricken from the code of our respected fatherland. Whole columns of this paper could be filled with the mere titles of ridiculous old laws of England, which have never been repealed, but which modern common sense has nullified. A similar state of things would be disclosed by an examination of the laws of Germany, Mexico, and Canada. Probably no part of the civilized world is subject to so few inoperative laws as this State.

Again, it must be remembered that we are but at the threshold of our national existence. Our complicated political machinery has only just begun to run smoothly. For a quarter of a century it was a question whether a democratic republic was a possibility. We may say that for the next thirty to forty years the question at issue was one of purely mercantile and financial import. Latterly the Slavery question has absorbed much attention that might properly have been devoted to the adjusting of our various political and local authorities. We are only just beginning to feel the necessity of setting landmarks here and there, to show where the powers of the Federal Government, where those of the State, where those of the city, where those of the village, begin and end. And though for the moment such discussion of boundaries awakens some feeling, and presents a general aspect of great confusion and disorder, it is, in fact, a purely legal dispute, and will end infallibly in a satisfactory judgment, in which all parties will acquiesce. Our anarchy is the anarchy which pervades a ship when the anchor is being weighed and the sails set for a sea-voyage; all will be orderly enough when the crew have learned their stations.

It seems that our municipal quarrel is the one which alarms foreigners the most for the stability of our institutions. But it is the most simple affair in the world. They went through it in Europe, two or three centuries ago; the Crown beat the cities in France, Germany, and Spain, and was beaten by them in England. It comes up here, strangely enough, in three cities simultaneously—New York, New Orleans, and New Haven. In all three, the Legislature of the State, differing in politics from the people of the city, seeks to strip its opponents of political rights. The usurpation is peculiar to no party. The Democracy, who are the victims in New York, are the oppressors in Louisiana. It is a question of real moment, for the subjugation of the cities would really undermine the system of self-government, on which all our institutions rest. But we do not alarm ourselves about it. There is too much sense in the country to fear so patent a blunder to-day. Even if a Legislature succeeded here or there, it would have to retrace its steps shortly. And the first victory won by a city over the State will be a precedent to be kept holy forever afterward.

We think our friends may sleep soundly. Governor King may be very weak; Mayor Wood may be shockingly obstinate; but we are not going to pieces for all that.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

THE decline and fall of the "sensation novel" is an event to be marked in the almanac. Twelve and twenty months ago, the advertising pages of the daily newspapers were filled with advertisements descanting upon the astonishing merits, and still more astonishing sale, of this or that new novel of the sensation order. Heaven and the critics were called to witness that the "Bloody Bootjack," by the incomparable Bartholomew Stiggins, threw Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer into the shade, and was already in the nine hundred and forty-sixth edition. Sly paragraphs in journals of easy virtue intimated that the author had purchased a country-seat with the proceeds of his copyright, and that the publishers, having become millionaires, were about to abandon the book business, and set up a bank or two. Sometimes entire chapters of the novel were published as a sample of the whole—bricks from which the ingenious beholder was to divine the architectural beauty of the edifice. And, as a natural consequence, the average man, having an insurmountable aversion to doing his own thinking, bowed to the mandate of the advertisements, bought the "Bloody Bootjack" for the sum of one dollar, and took it home to his wife.

Well, all this has had its day. The "Bloody Bootjack" order of literature has been defeated, with some loss as well to publishers as to authors. We have seen cheese wrapped in the very page where Arthur Augustus throws the "Bootjack" at Arabella Maria's head. Three-column advertisements of later "Bootjacks" are growing rarer and rarer in the daily papers, and the average man spends his dollar in some other way.

It is hardly worth our while to show that this melancholy demise of the "Bootjacks" was in the fit order of things. They displayed, perhaps, meritorious industry on the part of their authors; otherwise they were contemptible. Some prurient, coarse, vulgar, and immoral; others proper, but flabby, silly, and stupid. They were neither amusing nor useful, and so they are well dead.

But as mankind, and especially that blessed portion of the race which inhabits this country, must read, the question arises—What shall succeed the "Bootjacks?" It is a very momentous inquiry, as all of our minds are more or less formed by the character of our reading.

An incidental question of some nicety starts up at the outset: Do newspapers interfere with the sale of books? For, evidently, as the newspaper is the first reading of every American, if newspapers are at all likely to swallow up books, we may perhaps conclude that the throne of the "Bootjacks" will remain vacant forever. But we must draw a distinction. As a general rule, the man of business, in a large city, reads nothing but the newspapers. His business obliges him to read one or two; and if he have the means, he is likely to read all of them, or at least the leading ones. This leaves no room for other reading. So far as he is concerned, newspapers have already ousted the books. But the man of business in a large city is, we apprehend, no true type of the people at large. Farmers, men of leisure, mechanics, planters, and indeed almost every class of individuals engaged in occupations outside of the large cities, occupy different ground. Standing outside the movements of civilization, they are satisfied with a moderate dose of news, just to prevent their falling behind the age. For the rest, they naturally incline toward some more elaborate style of reading than the hasty summaries of the daily press. They read history, stories, travels, poetry, philosophy, and religion. With the book consumption of this class of readers newspapers will hardly interfere; while it may be confidently affirmed that every newspaper will create thousands of readers of books.

Assuming, then, that the progress of newspapers will not supersede the necessity for books, a very few principles may be laid down as likely to govern the next fashionable taste in the matter of reading. Mankind is growing tired of being bored, and it is now generally understood that learning need not imply stupidity; whence we infer that heavy books, however sensible and erudite, are not likely to make much headway. On the other hand, the practical tendency of the age is hostile to mere idle amusement; whence it would seem to follow that amusing books, which contain no instruction and no moral purpose, will not long retain popularity. It is plain that imagination has not vanished from the earth, and therefore good works of fancy must not be considered as having gone out with the "Bootjacks;" while, on the other hand, nearly all our histories need rewriting; of biographies—the most useful of all books—we have not a dozen that ought to escape the fire; and good books of travel are as rare as desirable.

For the present—if we may venture to advance an individual opinion on such a topic—we incline to the belief that the practical effect of the "Bootjack" reign will be injurious to rising authors of fiction, and that the average man will now follow Gradgrind and go in for facts. The old standard novelists, of course, occupy a sphere which these rippling eddies of taste do not disturb; but we suspect that when they are counted out, the books that will sell best during the next year or two will be sprightly travels, popular books on science, modern histories, and honest biographies.

NORFOLK TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

A CONVENTION of railroad and other Southern men has been held at Bristol, Tennessee, and the Hon. William B. Preston, of Virginia, has been appointed a Commissioner to go to England and negotiate for the establishment of a line of steamers between Norfolk and some European port.

While we can not concur in many of the doctrines which are popular at Southern Conventions, and do not think that it only requires "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether," to transfer the prosperity of New York to Norfolk or Charleston, still we are very glad to see these sensible endeavors on the part of our Southern friends to develop their resources. Norfolk might no doubt support a Transatlantic steamship line as well as Philadelphia or Boston; and if the Southern railroad men bestirred themselves to obtain settlers, as the railroad men in the West do, such a line would soon be a necessity. The great need of the most northerly of the Southern States is labor, labor, labor. And the only real remedy for the evils which Governor Wise, this Bristol Convention, and every body else deplore, is the policy which the Western States are now pursuing to encourage immigration and procure labor.

COLLEGIATE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

OLD Columbia has taken a start in the educational race; new professorships have been created, and an effort made to enlarge the sphere of study. It is proposed to adopt the foreign system of prolonging the collegiate course for such as desire it, and of establishing salaried fellowships for erudite men who propose to devote their energies to studies which do not "pay."

There is no question but we have no college in the United States that can compare with the universities of England, Scotland, or Germany. Had we needed such establishments we would have had them; but, in truth, scholastic attainments have never been particularly available or highly prized in this country. We are a practical nation, thinking more of hand-saws, steam-engines, and corn, than of digammas, palimpsests, or Ionic metres.

But scholarship, like other luxuries, is looking up.

CHAT.

PERSONAL.

THREE gentlemen, of an inquiring turn of mind, have established themselves in the basement of the City Hall and issued cards of invitation to their fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, for the purpose of inducing confidential relations with them in relation to that most interesting of subjects, their personal property. These polite cards convey to the recipient the pleasing intelligence that his personal property has been assessed at the sum of ten, twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars, as the case may be, and that if too flattering an estimate has been formed by the Commissioners as to his pecuniary responsibility he may step up to their office and make a clean breast as to his actual condition. The first impression produced by the perusal is one of profound disgust on the part of the personal property owner at his own identity; the next is a violent temptation to deny, under oath, the ownership of any thing "personal" beyond hat, umbrella, and a few other untaxable items; and, lastly, a deep-seated and overwhelming sense of the burdens of the tax-payer, under the pressure of which he makes his way to the chambers of the Inquisition.

An inspection of the assessment rolls does not contribute to his satisfaction. He finds that he was originally written down for a moderate sum, but that some implacable enemy has been busy at the figures, doubling or quadrupling them, and that he is carried out in the column of "corrected amounts" at a ruinous rate. This is the column that crushes him, and the collapse of feeling is rendered more complete by the discovery that his neighbor, whose property is all in Western railroad stocks and bonds and mortgages, and who is worth three times as much as he is, is taxed at only half as much, while his old friend Hunks, whose personal estate is over a million, has escaped entirely, from the fortunate circumstance that he boards at the Clarendon, and has escaped the Argus eyes of the assessors.

Our unhappy tax-payer walks into the inner office, where his imagination has already depicted a trio of vampyres sucking the blood of innocent property-owners, grinding them to powder, and subjecting them to other uncomfortable processes of depletion, but to his surprise encounters, instead, three amiable officials, who have become so entirely acclimated to the atmosphere of taxes and assessments as to be entirely unconscious of its fatal effects, and are even disposed to be facetious and entertaining in the midst of the miseries which they witness, very much on the principle of the grave-digger in Hamlet and other jocose performers of dismal functions. These estimable Inquisitors proceed at once to put our worthy friend on the rack, and after a few turns of the screws he is in a situation to tell the whole truth and disclose exactly how much he owns and how much he owes. Certain curious effects are now visible. Those thousand shares of stock, of fifty dollars each, in the Consolidated Gum Company, which he has rated so long as worth at least par, though slightly depressed by sympathy with the general market, are suddenly discovered to have no value whatever, while a pocket-book full of the favorite "fancies" are set down at rates which induce the idea that a sudden panic has set in, and that Wall Street is a bear-garden of the most flourishing description. But after all, under the practiced hand of the inquiring Commissioner, our friend's property will persist in accumulating in spite of his low estimates, and swear as hard as he pleases, there is no arithmetic which can score it down below the fatal figures of the corrected amount. He owns it all and has to own up besides, and the conviction settles on him at last that he is actually worth all and more than they have written down, and that he must grumble and pay.

So he growls out a good-morning, and off he goes, feeling more injured than if a burglary had lightened his silver chest of its entire contents, or a fire burned down the house over his head. Was there ever such an outrage? And what has he got, or will he get, in return for his taxes? Clean streets, good government, security, order, and comfort, or any other municipal benefit? Our indignant tax-payer stands on the steps of the Tax Receiver's office, and comes to the deliberate conclusion that, in this case, the Receiver is as bad as a thief, and his bosom swells with the most explosive and incendiary elements which can agitate the breast of a man of property.

The Alms House Commissioners are close by the Tax Commissioners. Dives passes the door of their office on his way to the car which is to convey him homeward, where the delicate attentions of a French cook, and the blandishments of a choice bottle from the selectest corner of his wine-cellar will go far toward smoothing his ruffled temper. Lazarus and his brothers and sisters, gaunt and ragged, clamorous for help, loathsome with filth and disease, stop the way, and besiege him with their pitiful petitions. They absolutely fancy their case is worse than his; they would be glad, any one of them, to take his property and pay his taxes, ten, twenty, and fifty times told. Does he spurn them away, soured with his own sense of injury, and go home with the ill-humor with which he started? Not at all. The sight brings him to his senses; the beggars are astonished with an unexpected distribution of quarters, and our friend wakes up to the consciousness that he has been making a great fool of himself in not quietly submitting to the indispensable incidents of his good fortune, and paying his taxes like a man.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

In which the History opens with a description of the Social Manners, Habits, and Amusements of the English People, as exhibited in an immemorial National Festivity.—Characters to be commemorated in the History introduced and graphically portrayed, with a nasological illustration.—Original suggestions as to the idiosyncracies engendered by trades and callings, with other matters worthy of note, conveyed in artless dialogue, after the manner of Herodotus, Father of History (Mother unknown).

IT was a summer Fair in one of the prettiest villages in Surrey. The main street was lined with booths, abounding in toys, gleaming crockery, gay ribbons, and gilded gingerbread. Farther on, where the street widened into the ample village-green, rose the more pretending fabrics which lodged the attractive forms of the Mermaid, the Norfolk Giant, the Pig-faced Lady, the Spotted Boy, and the Calf with Two Heads; while high over even these edifices, and occupying the most conspicuous vantage-ground, a lofty stage promised to rural play-goers the "Grand Melo-dramatic Performance of The Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." Music, lively if artless, resounded on every side; drums, fifes, penny-whistles, cat-calls, and a hand-organ played by a dark foreigner, from the height of whose shoulder a cynical but observant monkey eyed the hubbub and cracked his nuts.

It was now sunset—the throng at the fullest—an animated, joyous scene. The day had been sultry; no clouds were to be seen, except low on the western horizon, where they stretched, in lengthened ridges of gold and purple, like the border-land between earth and sky. The tall elms on the green were still, save, near the great stage, one or two, upon which young urchins had climbed; and their laughing faces peered forth, here and there, from the foliage trembling under their restless movements.

Amidst the crowd, as it streamed saunteringly along, were two spectators—strangers to the place, as was notably proved by the attention they excited, and the broad jokes their dress and appearance provoked from the rustic wits—jokes which they took with amused good-humor, and sometimes retaliated with a zest which had already made them very popular personages; indeed, there was that about them which propitiated liking. They were young, and the freshness of enjoyment was so visible in their faces that it begot a sympathy, and wherever they went other faces brightened round them.

One of the two whom we have thus individualized was of that enviable age, ranging from five-and-twenty to seven-and-twenty, in which, if a man can not contrive to make life very pleasant—pitiable, indeed, must be the state of his digestive organs. But you might see by this gentleman's countenance, that if there were many like him, it would be a worse world for the doctors. His cheek, though not highly-colored, was yet ruddy and clear; his hazel eyes were lively and keen; his hair, which escaped in loose clusters from a jean shooting-cap set jauntily on a well-shaped head, was of that deep sunny auburn rarely seen but in persons of vigorous and hardy temperament. He was good-looking on the whole, and would have deserved the more flattering epithet of handsome, but for his nose, which was what the French call "a nose in the air"—not a nose supercilious, not a nose provocative, as such noses mostly are, but a nose decidedly in earnest to make the best of itself and of things in general—a nose that would push its way up in life, but so pleasantly that the most irritable fingers would never itch to lay hold of it. With such a nose a man might play the violoncello, marry for love, or even write poetry, and yet not go to the dogs. Never would he stick in the mud so long as he followed that nose in the air!

By the help of that nose this gentleman wore a black velveteen jacket of foreign cut; a mustache and imperial (then much rarer in England than they have been since the siege of Sebastopol); and yet left you perfectly convinced that he was an honest Englishman, who had not only no designs on your pocket, but would not be easily duped by any designs upon his own.

The companion of the personage thus sketched might be somewhere about seventeen; but his gait, his air, his lithe, vigorous frame, showed a manliness at variance with the boyish bloom of his face. He struck the eye much more than his elder comrade. Not that he was regularly handsome—far from it; yet it is no paradox to say that he was beautiful—at least, few indeed were the women who would not have called him so. His hair, long like his friend's, was of a dark chestnut, with gold gleaming through it where the sun fell, inclining to curl, and singularly soft and silken in its texture. His large, clear, dark-blue, happy eyes were fringed with long ebon lashes, and set under brows which already wore the expression of intellectual power, and, better still, of frank courage and open loyalty. His complexion was fair, and somewhat pale, and his lips in laughing showed teeth exquisitely white and even. But though his profile was clearly cut, it was far from the Greek ideal; and he wanted the height of stature which is usually considered essential to the personal pretensions of the male sex. Without being positively short, he was still under middle height, and, from the compact development of his proportions, seemed already to have attained his full growth. His dress, though not foreign, like his comrade's, was peculiar; a broad-brimmed straw-hat, with a wide blue ribbon; shirt-collar turned down, leaving the throat bare; a dark-green jacket of thinner material than cloth; white trowsers and waistcoat completed his costume. He looked like a mother's darling—perhaps he was one.

Scratch across his back went one of those ingenious mechanical contrivances familiarly in vogue at fairs, which are designed to impress upon the victim to whom they are applied the pleasing conviction that his garment is rent in twain.

The boy turned round so quickly that he caught the arm of the offender—a pretty village-girl, a year or two younger than himself. "Found in the act, sentenced, punished," cried he, snatching a kiss, and receiving a gentle slap. "And now, good for evil, here's a ribbon for you—choose."

The girl slunk back shyly, but her companions pushed her forward, and she ended by selecting a cherry-colored ribbon, for which the boy paid carelessly, while his elder and wiser friend looked at him with grave, compassionate rebuke, and grumbled out—"Dr. Franklin tells us that once in his life he paid too dear for a whistle; but then he was only seven years old, and a whistle has its uses. But to pay such a price for a scratchback! Prodigal! Come along!"

As the friends strolled on, naturally enough all the young girls who wished for ribbons, and were possessed of scratchbacks, followed in their wake. Scratch went the instruments, but in vain.

"Lasses," said the elder, turning sharply upon them his nose in the air, "ribbons are plentiful—shillings scarce; and kisses, though pleasant in private, are insipid in public. What, still! Beware! know that, innocent as we seem, we are women-eaters; and if you follow us farther, you are devoured!" So saying, he expanded his jaws to a width so preternaturally large, and exhibited a row of grinders so formidable, that the girls fell back in consternation. The friends turned down a narrow alley between the booths, and though still pursued by some adventurous and mercenary spirits, were comparatively undisturbed as they threaded their way along the back of the booths, and arrived at last on the village-green, and in front of the Great Stage.

"Oho, Lionel!" quoth the elder friend; "Thespian and classical—worth seeing, no doubt." Then, turning to a grave cobbler in leathern apron, who was regarding the *dramatis personæ* ranged in front of the curtain with saturnine interest, he said, "You seem attracted, Sir; you have probably already witnessed the performance."

"Yes," returned the Cobbler; "this is the third day, and to-morrow's the last. I arn't missed once yet, and I shan't miss; but it arn't what it was a while back."

"That is sad; but then the same thing is said of every thing by every body who has reached your respectable age, friend. Summers and suns, stupid old watering-places, and pretty young women 'arn't what they were a while back.' If men and things go on degenerating in this way, our grandchildren will have a dull time of it!"

The Cobbler eyed the young man, and nodded, approvingly. He had sense enough to comprehend the ironical philosophy of the reply—and our Cobbler loved talk out of the common way. "You speaks truly and cleverly, Sir. But if old folks do always say that things are worse than they were, ben't there always summat in what is always said? I'm for the old times; my neighbor, Joe Spruce, is for the new, and says we are all a-progressing. But he's a pink—I'm a blue."

"You are a blue!" said the boy Lionel—"I don't understand."

"Young 'un, I'm a Tory—that's blue; and Spruce is a Rad—that's pink! And, what is more to the purpose, he is a tailor, and I'm a cobbler."

"Aha!" said the elder, with much interest; "more to the purpose, is it? How so?"

The Cobbler put the forefinger of the right hand on the forefinger of the left; it is the gesture of a man about to ratiocinate or demonstrate—as Quintilian, in his remarks on the oratory of fingers, probably observes; or, if he has failed to do so, it is a blot on his essay.

"You see, Sir," quoth the Cobbler, "that a man's business has a deal to do with his manner of thinking. Every trade, I take it, has ideas as belong to it. Butchers don't see life as bakers do; and if you talk to a dozen tallow-chandlers, then to a dozen blacksmiths, you will see tallow-chandlers are peculiar, and blacksmiths, too."

"You are a keen observer," said he of the jean cap, admiringly; "your remark is new to me; I dare say it is true."

"Course it is; and the stars have summat to do with it; for if they order a man's calling, it stands to reason that they order a man's mind to fit it. Now, a tailor sits on his board with others, and is always a-talking with 'em, and a-reading the news; therefore he thinks, as his fellows do, smart and sharp, bang up to the day, but nothing 'riginal and all his own like. But a cobbler," continued the man of leather, with a majestic air, "sits by hisself, and talks with hisself; and what he thinks gets into his head without being put there by another man's tongue."

"You enlighten me more and more," said our friend with the nose in the air, bowing respectfully. "A tailor is gregarious, a cobbler solitary. The gregarious go with the future, the solitary stick by the past. I understand why you are a Tory, and perhaps a poet."

"Well, a bit of one," said the Cobbler, with an iron smile. "And many's the cobbler who is a poet—or discovers marbellous things in a crystal—whereas a tailor, Sir" (spoken with great contempt), "only sees the upper-leather of the world's sole in a newspaper."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a sudden pressure of the crowd toward the theatre; the two young friends looked up, and saw that the new object of attraction was a little girl, who seemed scarcely ten years old, though in truth she was about two years older. She had just emerged from behind the curtain, made her obeisance to the crowd, and was now walking in front of the stage with the prettiest possible air of infantine solemnity. "Poor little thing!" said Lionel. "Poor little thing!" said the Cobbler. And had you been there, my reader, ten to one but you would have said the same. And yet she was attired in white satin, with spangled flounce and a tinsel jacket; and she wore a wreath of flowers (to be sure, the flowers were not real) on her long fair curls, with gaudy bracelets (to be sure, the stones were mock) on her slender arms. Still there was something in her that all this finery could not vulgarize; and since it could not vulgarize, you pitied her for it. She had one of those charming faces that look straight into the hearts of us all, young and old. And though she seemed quite self-possessed, there was no effrontery in her air, but the ease of a little lady, with the simple unconsciousness of a child that there was any thing in her situation to induce you to sigh, "Poor thing!"

"You should see her act, young gents," said the Cobbler. "She plays uncommon. But if you had seen him as taught her—seen him a year ago."

"Who's that?"

"Waife, Sir. Mayhap you have heard speak of Waife?"

"I blush to say, no."

"Why, he might have made his fortune at Common Garden; but that's a long story. Poor fellow! he's broke down now, anyhow. But she takes care of him, little darling—God bless thee!" And the Cobbler here exchanged a smile and nod with the little girl, whose face brightened when she saw him amidst the crowd.

"By the brush and pallet of Raffaelle," cried the elder of the young men, "before I am many hours older I must have that child's head!"

"Her head, man!" cried the Cobbler, aghast.

"In my sketch-book. You are a poet—I a painter. You know the little girl?"

"Don't I! She and her grandfather lodge with me—her grandfather—that's Waife—marbellous man! But they ill-uses him; and if it wasn't for her, he'd starve. He fed them all once; he can feed them no longer—he'd starve. That's the world; they use up a genus, and when it falls on the road, push on; that's what Joe Spruce calls a-progressing. But there's the drum! they're a-going to act. Won't you look in, gents?"

"Of course," cried Lionel, "of course. And, hark ye, Vance, we'll toss up which shall be the first to take that little girl's head."

"Murderer in either sense of the word!" said Vance, with a smile that would have become Correggio if a tyro had offered to toss up which should be the first to paint a cherub.

CHAPTER II.

The Historian takes a view of the British Stage as represented by the Irregular Drama, the Regular having (ere the date of the events to which this narrative is restricted) disappeared from the Vestiges of Creation.

They entered the little theatre, and the Cobbler with them; but the last retired modestly to the threepenny row. The young gentlemen were favored with reserved seats, price one shilling. "Very dear," murmured Vance, as he carefully buttoned the pocket to which he restored a purse woven from links of steel, after the fashion of chain mail. Ah, *Messieurs* and *Confrères*, the dramatic authors, do not flatter yourselves that we are about to give you a complacent triumph over the Grand Melodrame of "The Remorseless Baron and the Bandit's Child." We grant it was horrible rubbish, regarded in an æsthetic point of view, but it was mightily effective in the theatrical. Nobody yawned; you did not even hear a cough, nor the cry of that omnipresent baby who is always sure to set up a *Vagitus ingens*, or unappeasable wail, in the midmost interest of a classical five-act piece, represented for the first time on the metropolitan boards. Here the story rushed on *per fas aut nefas*, and the audience went with it. Certes, some man who understood the stage must have put the incidents together, and then left it to each illiterate histrio to find the words—words, my dear *confrères*, signify so little in an acting play. The movement is the thing. Grand secret! Analyze, practice it, and restore to grateful stars that lost Pleiad, the British Acting Drama.

Of course the Bandit was an ill-used and most estimable man. He had some mysterious rights to the Estate and Castle of the Remorseless Baron. That titled usurper, therefore, did all in his power to hunt the Bandit out in his fastnesses, and bring him to a bloody end. Here the interest centred itself in the Bandit's child, who, we need not say, was the little girl in the wreath and spangles, styled in the playbill "Miss Juliet Araminta Waife," and the incidents consisted in her various devices to foil the pursuit of the Baron and save her father. Some of these incidents were indebted to the Comic Muse, and kept the audience in a broad laugh. Her arch playfulness here was requisite. With what vivacity she duped the High Sheriff, who had the commands of his king to take the Bandit alive or dead, into the belief that the very Lawyer employed by the Baron was the criminal in disguise, and what pearly teeth she showed when the lawyer was seized and gagged; how dexterously she ascertained the weak point in the character of the "King's Lieutenant" (*jeune premier*), who was deputed by his royal master to aid the Remorseless Baron in trouncing the Bandit; how cunningly she learned that he was in love with the Baron's ward (*jeune amoreuse*), whom that unworthy noble intended to force into a marriage with himself on account of her fortune; how prettily she passed notes to and fro, the Lieutenant never suspecting that she was the Bandit's child, and at last got the King's soldier on her side, as the event proved. And oh how gayly, and with what mimic art she stole into the Baron's castle, disguised herself as a witch, startled his conscience with revelations and predictions, frightened all the vassals with blue lights and chemical illusions, and venturing even into the usurper's own private chamber while that tyrant was tossing restless on the couch, over which hung his terrible sword, abstracted from his coffer the deeds that proved the better rights of the persecuted Bandit. Then, when he woke before she could escape with her treasure, and pursued her with his sword, with what glee she apparently set herself on fire, and skipped out of the casement in an explosion of crackers. And when the drama approached its *dénouement*, when the Baron's men, and the royal officers of justice, had, despite all her arts, tracked the Bandit to the cave, in which, after various retreats, he lay hidden, wounded by shots, and bruised by a fall from a precipice—with what admirable by-play she hovered around the spot, with what pathos she sought to decoy away the pursuers—it was the sky-lark playing round the nest. And when all was vain—when, no longer to be deceived, the enemies sought to seize her, how mockingly she eluded them, bounded up the rock, and shook her slight finger at them in scorn. Surely she will save that estimable Bandit still! Now, hitherto, though the Bandit was the nominal hero of the piece, though you were always hearing of him—his wrongs, virtues, hair-breadth escapes—he had never been seen. Not Mrs. Harris, in the immortal narrative, was more quoted and more mythical. But in the last scene there *was* the Bandit, there in his cavern, helpless with bruises and wounds, lying on a rock. In rushed the enemies, Baron, High Sheriff, and all, to seize him. Not a word spoke the Bandit, but his attitude was sublime—even Vance cried "bravo;" and just as he is seized, halter round his neck, and about to be hanged, down from the chasm above leaps his child, holding the title-deeds, filched from the Baron, and by her side the King's Lieutenant, who proclaims the Bandit's pardon, with due restoration to his honors and estates, and consigns, to the astounded Sheriff, the august person of the Remorseless Baron. Then the affecting scene, father and child in each other's arms; and then an exclamation, which had been long hovering about the lips of many of the audience, broke out, "Waife, Waife!" Yes, the Bandit, who appeared but in the last scene, and even then uttered not a word, was the once great actor on that itinerant Thespian stage, known through many a fair for his exuberant humor, his impromptu jokes, his arch eye, his redundant life of drollery, and the strange pathos or dignity with which he could suddenly exalt a jester's part, and call forth tears in the startled hush of laughter; he whom the Cobbler had rightly said, "might have made a fortune at Covent Garden." There was the remnant of the old popular mime!—all his attributes of eloquence reduced to dumb show! Masterly touch of nature and of art in this representation of him—touch which all, who had ever in former years seen and heard him on that stage, felt simultaneously. He came in for his personal portion of dramatic tears. "Waife, Waife!" cried many a village voice, as the little girl led him to the front of the stage. He hobbled; there was a bandage round his eyes. The plot, in describing the accident that had befallen the Bandit, idealized the genuine infirmities of the man—infirmities that had befallen him since last seen in that village. He was blind of one eye; he had become crippled; some malady of the trachea or larynx had seemingly broken up the once joyous key of the old pleasant voice. He did not trust himself to speak, even on that stage, but silently bent his head to the rustic audience; and Vance, who was an habitual play-goer, saw in that simple salutation that the man was an artistic actor. All was over, the audience streamed out affected, and talking one to the other. It had not been at all like the ordinary stage-exhibitions at a village fair. Vance and Lionel stared at each other in surprise, and then, by a common impulse, moved toward the stage, pushed aside the curtain, which had fallen, and were in that strange world which has so many reduplications, fragments of one broken mirror, whether in the proudest theatre, or the lowliest barn—nay, whether in the palace of kings, the cabinet of statesmen, the home of domestic life—the world we call "Behind the Scenes."

CHAPTER III.

Striking illustrations of lawless tyranny and infant avarice exemplified in the social conditions of Great Britain.—Superstitions of the Dark Ages still in force among the Trading Community, furnishing valuable hints to certain American journalists, and highly suggestive of reflections humiliating to the national vanity.

The Remorseless Baron, who was no other than the managerial proprietor of the stage, was leaning against a side-scene, with a pot of porter in his hand. The King's Lieutenant might be seen on the background, toasting a piece of cheese on the point of his loyal sword. The Bandit had crept into a corner, and the little girl was clinging to him fondly, as his hand was stroking her fair hair. Vance looked round, and approached the Bandit—"Sir, allow me to congratulate you; your bow was admirable. I have never seen John Kemble—before my time; but I shall fancy I have seen him now—seen him on the night of his retirement from the stage. As to your grandchild, Miss Juliet Araminta, she is a perfect chrysolite."

Before Mr. Waife could reply, the Remorseless Baron stepped up in a spirit worthy of his odious and arbitrary character. "What do you do here, Sir? I allow no gents behind the scenes earwigging my people."

"I beg pardon respectfully: I am an artist—a pupil of the Royal Academy; I should like to make a sketch of Miss Juliet Araminta."

"Sketch! nonsense."

"Sir," said Lionel, with the seasonable extravagance of early youth, "my friend would, I am sure, pay for the sitting—handsomely!"

"Ha!" said the manager, softened, "you speak like a gentleman, Sir; but, Sir, Miss Juliet Araminta is under my protection—in fact, she is my property. Call and speak to me about it to-morrow, before the first performance begins, which is twelve o'clock. Happy to see any of your friends in the reserved seats. Busy now, and—and—in short—excuse me—servant, Sir—servant, Sir."

The Baron's manner left no room for further parley. Vance bowed, smiled, and retreated. But, meanwhile, his young friend had seized the opportunity to speak both to Waife and his grandchild; and when Vance took his arm and drew him away, there was a puzzled, musing expression on Lionel's face, and he remained silent till they had got through the press of such stragglers as still loitered before the stage, and were in a quiet corner of the sward. Stars and moon were then up—a lovely summer night.

"What on earth are you thinking of, Lionel? I have put to you three questions, and you have not answered one.

"Vance," answered Lionel, slowly, "the oddest thing! I am so disappointed in that little girl—greedy and mercenary!"

"Precocious villain! how do you know that she is greedy and mercenary?"

"Listen: when that surly old manager came up to you, I said something—civil, of course—to Waife, who answered in a hoarse, broken voice, but in very good language. Well, when I told the manager that you would pay for the sitting, the child caught hold of my arm hastily, pulled me down to her own height, and whispered, 'How much will he give?' Confused by a question so point-blank, I answered at random, 'I don't know; ten shillings, perhaps.' You should have seen her face!"

"Seen her face! radiant, I should think so. Too much by half!" exclaimed Vance. "Ten shillings! spendthrift!"

"Too much! she looked as you might look if one offered you ten shillings for your picture of 'Julius Cæsar considering whether he should cross the Rubicon.' But when the manager had declared her to be his property, and appointed you to call to-morrow—implying that *he* was to be paid for allowing her to sit—her countenance became overcast, and she muttered, sullenly, 'I'll not sit; I'll not!' Then she turned to her grandfather, and something very quick and close was whispered between the two; and she pulled me by the sleeve, and said in my ear—oh, but so eagerly!—'I want three pounds; oh, three pounds! if he would give three pounds! And come to our lodgings—Mr. Merle, Willow Lane. Three pounds—three!' And with those words hissing in my ear, and coming from that fairy mouth, which ought to drop pearls and diamonds, I left her," added Lionel, as gravely as if he were sixty, "and lost an illusion."

"Three pounds!" cried Vance, raising his eyebrows to the highest arch of astonishment, and lifting his nose in the air toward the majestic moon—"three pounds! a fabulous sum! Who has three pounds to throw away? Dukes, with a hundred thousand a year in acres, have not three pounds to draw out of their pockets in that reckless, profligate manner. Three pounds! what could I not buy for three pounds? I could buy the Dramatic Library, bound in calf, for three pounds; I could buy a dress-coat for three pounds (silk lining not included); I could be lodged for a month for three pounds! And a jade in tinsel, just entering on her teens, to ask three pounds for what? for becoming immortal on the canvas of Francis Vance? bother!"

Here Vance felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned round quickly, as a man out of temper does under similar circumstances, and beheld the swart face of the Cobbler.

"Well, master, did not she act fine?—how d'ye like her?"

"Not much in her natural character; but she sets a mighty high value on herself."

"Anan, I don't take you."

"She'll not catch me taking her! Three pounds!—three kingdoms."

"Stay," cried Lionel to the Cobbler; "did not you say she lodged with you? Are you Mr. Merle?"

"Merle's my name, and she do lodge with me—Willow Lane."

"Come this way, then, a few yards down the road—more quiet. Tell me what the child means, if you can?" and Lionel related the offer of his friend, the reply of the manager, and the grasping avarice of Miss Juliet Araminta.

The Cobbler made no answer; and when the young friends, surprised at his silence, turned to look at him, they saw he was wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

"Poor little thing!" he said at last, and still more pathetically than he had uttered the same words at her appearance in front of the stage; "'tis all for her grandfather, I guess—I guess."

"Oh," cried Lionel, joyfully, "I am so glad to think that. It alters the whole case, you see, Vance."

"It don't alter the case of the three pounds," grumbled Vance. "What's her grandfather to me, that I should give his grandchild three pounds, when any other child in the village would have leaped out of her skin to have her face upon my sketch-book and five shillings in her pocket. Hang her grandfather!"

They were now in the main road. The Cobbler seated himself on a lonely milestone, and looked first at one of the faces before him, then at the other; that of Lionel seemed to attract him the most, and in speaking it was Lionel whom he addressed.

"Young master," he said, "it is now just four years ago when Mr. Rugge, coming here, as he and his troop had done at fair-time ever sin' I can mind of, brought with him the man you have seen to-night, William Waife; I calls him Gentleman Waife. However that man fell into such straits—how he came to join such a carawan would puzzle most heads. It puzzles Joe Spruce uncommon; it don't puzzle me."

"Why?" asked Vance.

"Cos of Saturn!"

"Satan?"

"Saturn—dead agin his Second and Tenth House, I'll swear. Lord of ascendant, mayhap in combustion of the sun—who knows?"

"You're not an astrologer?" said Vance, suspiciously edging off.

"Bit of it—no offense."

"What does it signify?" said Lionel, impatiently; "go on. So you called Mr. Waife, 'Gentleman Waife;' and if you had not been an astrologer you would have been puzzled to see him in such a calling."

"Ay, that's it; for he warn't like any as we ever see on these boards hereabouts; and yet he warn't exactly like a Lunnon actor, as I've seen 'em in Lunnon, either, but more like a clever fellow who acted for the spree of the thing. He had such droll jests, and looked so comical, yet not commonlike, but always what I calls a gentleman—just as if one o' ye two were doing a bit of sport to please your friends. Well, he drew hugely, and so he did, every time he came, so that the great families in the neighborhood would go to hear him; and he lodged in my house, and had pleasant ways with him, and was what I call a scollard. But still I don't want to deceive ye, and I should judge him to have been a wild dog in his day. Mercury ill-aspected—not a doubt of it. Last year it so happened that one of the great gents who belong to a Lunnon theatre was here at fair-time. Whether he had heard of Waife chanceways, and come express to judge for hisself, I can't say; like eno'. And when he had seen Gentleman Waife act, he sent for him to the inn—Red Lion—and offered him a power o' money to go to Lunnon—Common Garden. Well, Sir, Waife did not take to it all at once, but hemmed and hawed, and was at last quite coaxed into it; and so he went. But bad luck came on it; and I knew there would, for I saw it all in my crystal."

"Oh!" exclaimed Vance, "a crystal, too; really it is getting late, and if you had your crystal about you, you might see that we want to sup."

"What happened?" asked Lionel, more blandly, for he saw the Cobbler, who had meant to make a great effect by the introduction of the crystal, was offended.

"What happened? why, just what I foreseed. There was an accident in the railway 'tween this and Lunnon, and poor Waife lost an eye, and was a cripple for life—so he could not go on the Lunnon stage at all; and what was worse, he was a long time atwixt life and death, and got summat bad on his chest wi' catching cold, and lost his voice, and became the sad object you have gazed on, young, happy things that ye are."

"But he got some compensation from the railway, I suppose?" said Vance, with the unfeeling equanimity of a stoical demon.

"He did, and spent it. I suppose the gentleman broke out in him as soon as he had money, and ill though he was, the money went. Then it seems he had no help for it but to try and get back to Mr. Rugge. But Mr. Rugge was sore and spiteful at his leaving; for Rugge counted on him, and had even thought of taking the huge theatre at York, and bringing out Gentleman Waife as his trump card. But it warn't fated, and Rugge thought himself ill-used, and so at first he would have nothing more to say to Waife. And truth is, what could the poor man do for Rugge? But then Waife produces little Sophy."

"You mean Juliet Araminta?" said Vance.

"Same—in private life she be Sophy. And Waife taught her to act, and put together the plays for her. And Rugge caught at her; and she supports Waife with what she gets; for Rugge only gives him four shillings a week, and that goes on 'baccy and suchlike."

"Suchlike—drink, I presume!" said Vance.

"No—he don't drink. But he do smoke; and he has little genteel ways with him, and four shillings goes on 'em. And they have been about the country this spring, and done well, and now they be here. But Rugge behaves shocking hard to both on 'em; and I don't believe he has any right to her in law, as he pretends—only a sort of understanding which she and her grandfather could break if they pleased; and that's what they wish to do, and that's why little Sophy wants the three pounds."

"How!" cried Lionel, eagerly. "If they had three pounds, could they get away? and if they did, how could they live? Where could they go?"

"That's their secret. But I heard Waife say—the first night they came here—'that if he could get three pounds, he had hit on a plan to be independent like.' I tell you what put his back up: it was Rugge insisting on his coming on the stage again, for he did not like to be seen such a wreck. But he was forced to give in; and so he contrived to cut up that play-story, and appear hisself at the last without speaking."

"My good friend," cried young Lionel, "we are greatly obliged to you for your story—and we should much like to see little Sophy and her grandfather at your house to-morrow—can we?"

"Certain sure you can—after the play's over; to-night, if you like."

"No, to-morrow; you see my friend is impatient to get back now—we will call to-morrow."

"'Tis the last day of their stay," said the Cobbler. "But you can't be sure to see them safely at my house afore ten o'clock at night—and not a word to Rugge! mum!"

"Not a word to Rugge," returned Lionel; "good-night to you."

The young men left the Cobbler still seated on the milestone, gazing on the stars and ruminating. They walked briskly down the road.

"It is I who have had the talk now," said Lionel, in his softest tone. He was bent on coaxing three pounds out of his richer friend, and that might require some management. For among the wild youngsters in Mr. Vance's profession, there ran many a joke at the skill with which he parried irregular assaults on his purse; and that gentleman, with his nose more than usually in the air, having once observed to such scoffers "that they were quite welcome to any joke at his expense"—a wag had exclaimed, "At your expense! Don't fear, if a joke were worth a farthing, you would never give that permission."

So when Lionel made that innocent remark, the softness of his tone warned the artist of some snake in the grass—and he prudently remained silent. Lionel, in a voice still sweeter, repeated, "It is I who have all the talk now!"

"Naturally," then returned Vance, "naturally you have, for it is you, I suspect, who alone have the intention to pay for it, and three pounds appear to be the price. Dearish, eh?"

"Ah, Vance, if I had three pounds!"

"Tush! and say no more till we have supped. I have the hunger of a wolf."

Just in sight of the next milestone the young travelers turned a few yards down a green lane, and reached a small inn on the banks of the Thames. Here they had sojourned for the last few days, sketching, boating, roaming about the country from sunrise, and returning to supper and bed at nightfall. It was the pleasantest little inn—an arbor, covered with honey-suckle, between the porch and the river—a couple of pleasure-boats moored to the bank; and now all the waves rippling under moonlight.

"Supper and lights in the arbor," cried Vance to the waiting-maid, "hey, presto—quick! while we turn in to wash our hands. And harkye, a quart jug of that capital whisky-toddy."

CHAPTER IV.

Being a chapter that links the Past to the Future by the gradual elucidation of Antecedents.

O wayside inns, pedestrian rambles! O summer nights, under honey-suckle arbors, on the banks of starry waves! O Youth, Youth!

Vance ladled out the toddy and lighted his cigar, then, leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on the table, he looked with an artist's eye along the glancing river.

"After all," said he, "I am glad I am a painter; and I hope I may live to be a great one."

"No doubt, if you live, you will be a great one," cried Lionel, with cordial sincerity. "And if I, who can only just paint well enough to please myself, find that it gives a new charm to nature—"

"Cut sentiment," quoth Vance, "and go on."

"What," continued Lionel, unchilled by the admonitory interruption, "must you feel who can fix a fading sunshine—a fleeting face—on a scrap of canvas, and say, 'Sunshine and Beauty, live *there* forever!'"

Vance. "Forever! no! Colors perish, canvas rots. What remains to us of Zeuxis? Still it is prettily said on behalf of the poetic side of the profession; there is a prosaic one—we'll blink it. Yes; I am glad to be a painter. But you must not catch the fever of my calling. Your poor mother would never forgive me if she thought I had made you a dauber by my example."

Lionel (gloomily). "No. I shall not be a painter! But what can I be? How shall I ever build on the earth one of the castles I have built in the air? Fame looks so far—Fortune so impossible! But one thing I am bent upon" (speaking with knit brow and clenched teeth), "I will gain an independence somehow, and support my mother."

Vance. "Your mother is supported—she has the pension—"

Lionel. "Of a captain's widow; and" (he added, with a flushed cheek) "a first floor that she lets to lodgers!"

Vance. "No shame in that! Peers let houses; and on the Continent, princes let not only first floors, but fifth and sixth floors, to say nothing of attics and cellars. In beginning the world, friend Lionel, if you don't wish to get chafed at every turn, fold up your pride carefully, put it under lock and key, and only let it out to air upon grand occasions. Pride is a garment all stiff brocade outside, all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin. Even kings don't wear the dalmaticum except at a coronation. Independence you desire; good. But are you dependent now? Your mother has given you an excellent education, and you have already put it to profit. My dear boy," added Vance, with unusual warmth, "I honor you, at your age, on leaving school, to have shut yourself up, translated Greek and Latin per sheet for a bookseller at less than a valet's wages, and all for the purpose of buying comforts for your mother; and having a few pounds in your own pockets, to rove your little holiday with me, and pay your share of the costs! Ah, there are energy and spirit and life in all that, Lionel, which will found upon rock some castle as fine as any you have built in air. Your hand, my boy."

This burst was so unlike the practical dryness, or even the more unctuous humor, of Frank Vance, that it took Lionel by surprise, and his voice faltered as he pressed the hand held out to him. He answered, "I don't deserve your praise, Vance, and I fear the pride you tell me to put under lock and key, has the larger share of the merit you ascribe to better motives. Independent? No! I have never been so."

Vance. "Well, you depend on a parent—who, at seventeen, does not?"

Lionel. "I did not mean my mother; of course, I could not be too proud to take benefits from her. But the truth is simply this: my father had a relation, not very near, indeed—a cousin, at about as distant a remove, I fancy, as a cousin well can be. To this gentleman my mother wrote when my poor father died—and he was generous, for it is he who paid for my schooling. I did not know this till very lately. I had a vague impression, indeed, that I had a powerful and wealthy kinsman who took interest in me, but whom I had never seen."

Vance. "Never seen?"

Lionel. "No. And here comes the sting. On leaving school last Christmas, my mother, for the first time, told me the extent of my obligations to this benefactor, and informed me that he wished to know my own choice as to a profession—that if I preferred Church or Bar, he would maintain me at college."

Vance. "Body o' me! where's the sting in that? Help yourself to toddy, my boy, and take more genial views of life."

Lionel. "You have not heard me out. I then asked to see my benefactor's letters; and my mother, unconscious of the pain she was about to inflict, showed me not only the last one, but all she had received from him. Oh, Vance, they were terrible, those letters! The first began by a dry acquiescence in the claims of kindred—a curt proposal to pay my schooling, but not one word of kindness, and a stern proviso that the writer was never to see nor hear from me. He wanted no gratitude—he disbelieved in all professions of it. His favors would cease if I molested him. 'Molested' was the word; it was bread thrown to a dog."

Vance. "Tut! Only a rich man's eccentricity. A bachelor, I presume?"

Lionel. "My mother says he has been married, and is a widower."

Vance. "Any children?"

Lionel. "My mother says none living; but I know little or nothing about his family."

Vance looked with keen scrutiny into the face of his boy-friend, and, after a pause, said, dryly—"Plain as a pikestaff. Your relation is one of those men who, having no children, suspect and dread the attention of an heir-presumptive; and what has made this sting, as you call it, keener to you, is—pardon me—is in some silly words of your mother, who, in showing you the letters, has hinted to you that that heir you might be, if you were sufficiently pliant and subservient. Am I not right?"

Lionel hung his head, without reply.

Vance (cheeringly). "So, so; no great harm as yet. Enough of the first letter. What was the last?"

Lionel. "Still more offensive. He, this kinsman, this patron, desired my mother to spare him those references to her son's ability and promise, which, though natural to herself, had slight interest to him—him, the condescending benefactor!—As to his opinion, what could I care for the opinion of one I had never seen? All that could sensibly affect my—oh, but I can not go on with those cutting phrases, which imply but this, 'All I can care for is the money of a man who insults me while he gives it.'"

Vance (emphatically). "Without being a wizard, I should say your relative was rather a disagreeable person—not what is called urbane and amiable—in fact, a brute."

Lionel. "You will not blame me, then, when I tell you that I resolved not to accept the offer to maintain me at college, with which the letter closed. Luckily Dr. Wallis (the head-master of my school), who had always been very kind to me, had just undertaken to supervise a popular translation of the classics. He recommended me, at my request, to the publisher engaged in the undertaking, as not incapable of translating some of the less difficult Latin authors—subject to his corrections. When I had finished the first installment of the work thus intrusted to me, my mother grew alarmed for my health, and insisted on my taking some recreation. You were about to set out on a pedestrian tour. I had, as you say, some pounds in my pocket; and thus I have passed with you the merriest days of my life."

Vance. "What said your civil cousin when your refusal to go to college was conveyed to him?"

Lionel. "He did not answer my mother's communication to that effect till just before I left home, and then—no, it was not his last letter from which I repeated that withering extract—no, the *last* was more galling still, for in it he said, that if, in spite of the ability and promise that had been so vaunted, the dullness of a college and the labor of learned professions were so distasteful to me, he had no desire to dictate to my choice, but that as he did not wish one who was, however remotely, of his blood, and bore the name of Haughton, to turn shoeblack or pickpocket—Vance—Vance!"

Vance. "Lock up your pride—the sackcloth frets you—and go on; and that therefore he—"

Lionel. "Would buy me a commission in the army, or get me an appointment in India."

Vance. "Which did you take?"

Lionel (passionately). "Which! so offered—which?—of course neither! But, distrusting the tone of my mother's reply, I sat down, the evening before I left home, and wrote myself to this cruel man. I did not show my letter to my mother—did not tell her of it. I wrote, shortly—that, if he would not accept my gratitude, I would not accept his benefits; that shoeblack I might be—pickpocket, no! that he need not fear I should disgrace his blood or my name; and that I would not rest till, sooner or later, I had paid him back all that I had cost him, and felt relieved from the burdens of an obligation which—which—" The boy paused, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed.

Vance, though much moved, pretended to scold his friend, but finding that ineffectual, fairly rose, wound his arm brother-like round him, and drew him from the arbor to the shelving margin of the river. "Comfort," then said the Artist, almost solemnly, as here, from the inner depths of his character, the true genius of the man came forth and spoke—"Comfort, and look round; see where the islet interrupts the tide, and how smilingly the stream flows on. See, just where we stand, how the slight pebbles are fretting the wave—would the wave, if not fretted, make that pleasant music? A few miles farther on, and the river is spanned by a bridge, which busy feet now are crossing; by the side of that bridge now is rising a palace;—all the men who rule England have room in that palace. At the rear of the palace soars up the old Abbey, where kings have their tombs in right of the names they inherit: men lowly as we have found tombs there, in right of the names which they made. Think, now, that you stand on that bridge with a boy's lofty hope, with a man's steadfast courage; then turn again to that stream, calm with starlight, flowing on toward the bridge—spite of islet and pebbles."

Lionel made no audible answer, though his lips murmured, but he pressed closer and closer to his friend's side; and the tears were already dried on his cheek—though their dew still glistened in his eyes.

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

The city calls you beautiful; and, as you walk the street,
You leave a wake of gazing eyes that brighten in your track;
Plumes crown your head, and dainty buskins pillory your feet;
You bear a poor man's fortune on your silken-shrouded back.
"Let the toast be 'Lovely Woman!'"—hear your young admirers cry—
Are you lovely with your paddings, and your sallow, painted face?
Is there any fire of beauty in that languid, circled eye?—
Hark! the secret skeleton rattles underneath those shrouds of lace!

Are these crushed, distorted feet—bloodless amulets of bone—
Are they like the milky feet with which Venus touched the seas?
When young Atalanta flew on her rapid course alone,
Think you she spurned the earth with such helpless things as these?
Crooked spine, and sunken chest!—There's a law whence none appeals;
It ordains well-bred distortion; you of course obey its nod.
On the car of Fashion rolls, and beneath its broadening wheels
You fling yourself, and mash your form to please its Moloch god!

Get your maid to tug the corset till her arm is swelled with pain;
Choke the currents of your life-blood, and smile bravely at the smart;
If the world knew how completely you had dammed each vital vein,
It would no longer wonder that you had so cold a heart!
Laugh in the crowded ball-room—all the while you long to shriek!
Float in the dying waltzes—though your feet are cold as stone!
What matter? In the pauses you will hear the young men speak
Of your tiny waist and foot—then you'll hasten home to groan!

Oh, Miss, or Madam—for you may be wife as well as maid—
God formed you in his likeness—by mortality made dim,
Still a likeness—which your follies and your fashions would degrade.
Dare you raise your sunken eyes to Heaven and say you are like Him?
You shudder at the poor one, who, abandoned on this earth,
Drowns in the wintry river all her agony and pride;
Are you better—you who maim the shape God gave to you at birth;
And with a silken lace commit a slower suicide?

Off with those mummy bandages and let the life-blood flow!
The shirt of Nessus could not kill more surely than that gown!
Rip up the stifling corset—let those cramping gaiters go,
And with a natural figure bid defiance to the town!
In such sickly, cold anatomy can Love be ever warm?
Can Health's sunlight ever dawn through such dim and clouded eyes?
Oh, world, behold Eve's daughter! Eve, whose harmony of form
Swept, like incarnate Music, through the vales of Paradise!

AN HOUR WITH REMBRANDT PEALE.

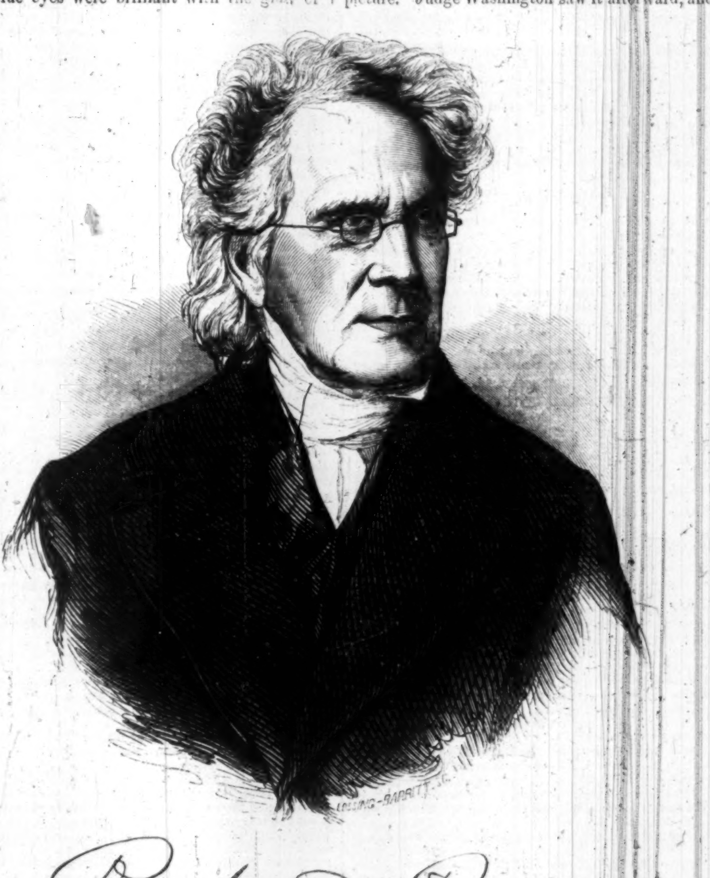
True genius, manifested to the world by noble expressions in material things, becomes cosmopolitan, and its possessor is only a custodian of a cumulative treasure, in which society has property in fee by divine right. The custodian is accountable to that society, and is liable to the scrutiny of its integrals. Assuming this to be a true proposition, we offer it as an apology for a seeming intrusion, and as theoretic evidence that we have not betrayed confidence in private life in publishing the experience of an hour with the only living artist who painted the portrait of Washington from life.

It was on a rainy evening, a few months since, when our carriage stopped in front of a neat dwelling on Vine Street, Philadelphia, in the little parlor of which we were greeted by the musical voice of the venerable Rembrandt Peale, son of Charles Wilson Peale, the eminent painter of the period of our war for independence. "Come," he said, "the proper place to meet an artist is in his studio;" and we ascended with him to an upper room, which was filled with paintings, drawings, casts, and implements of art, all finely illuminated by a gaslight so placed as to cast its radiance at the same angle as that of day. There we met Mrs. Peale and the artist's daughter—both ladies of fine culture. Painting, sculpture, poetry, the progress and high mission of the arts and of corresponding civilization, and precious reminiscences of Washington and his later contemporaries, were the burden of delightful conversation. With these subjects and characters Mr. Peale had been familiar for more than half a century; and his retentive memory assumed, in our perceptions, the dignity of an oracle.

Most of the pictures in Mr. Peale's studio were portraits and studies from the human face, from the hands of the painter before us. With these were some well-executed landscapes by Mrs. Peale, who is many years his junior and an enthusiastic lover of art and her husband. Prominent among the pictures of interest were portraits of Washington and his lady—the former painted from the original study from life, made more than sixty years ago.

Mr. Peale was born near Philadelphia, on the forty-sixth birthday of Washington, in the year 1778, while his father was in the American camp at Valley Forge. He is now in the eightieth year of his age. There appeared little of the octogenarian in his voice, step, or manner. His whole being seemed to glow with the enthusiasm of hopeful youth as he talked of art, its charms to the practitioner, the divinity of its origin and character, and its humanizing influence upon society.

In figure Mr. Peale is of medium height, well proportioned, and not at all bent by the weight of years. His hair—his "plumes," as he playfully called his locks—is white and abundant; the expression of his face is exceedingly pleasant, for it beams with benignity and earnestness; and his mild blue eyes were brilliant with the glow of feeling as he spoke with much emotion of the portrait of Washington, which he had been permitted to paint from the living face.


LOSSING-BARRITT. SC.

Rembrandt Peale

Mr. Peale's history of that portrait, given with the usual modesty of true genius, was exceedingly interesting. He was only a little more than seventeen years of age when the privilege of making it was granted. His father had already painted several portraits of Washington; and Rembrandt—a child of eight years—had stood at the back of his chair when he produced his best picture of that great man in 1786.

It was in September, 1795, when Washington gave the young painter three sittings of three hours each. Timid, especially in the presence of so great a man, he induced his father to commence a portrait at the same time, sitting alongside of him, and keeping Washington in familiar conversation. The portrait then painted by the elder Peale is now in possession of Mr. Bryan, of this city, and is one of the choice pictures in that gentleman's remarkable galleries of rare paintings. The study made by young Peale during those three sittings he kept for many years, and he painted several copies of it for gentlemen of fortune. The image of the great patriot was vividly and deeply impressed upon his memory, and he yearned for an opportunity to paint a portrait of him according to his own pure ideal.

Turned from this by circumstances, other subjects now engrossed his attention. He twice visited Europe, and finally he meditated a permanent residence in London. Then, again, the image of Washington arose in his mind, and he felt an irrepressible desire to paint a portrait of him that should merit the approbation of men yet living who knew the patriot well. He believed that such a portrait would be appreciated in Europe. He collected every representation of Washington he could find, and, with his original, he commenced his task. His first wife, then living, knowing how absorbed he would become in the subject, begged him to desist, saying that she believed Washington was his evil genius, and, with tears in her eyes, she wished that he had never been born! His father, too, was grieved at his infatuation; but the ardent painter could not be persuaded to relinquish his design. The picture was finally completed, and he was rewarded by the exclamation of his father, who, on entering his studio one day, said: "You have it now; this is indeed Washington!" His father sent Judges Tilghman and Peters to see it; and for five days young Peale's room was crowded with persons who knew Washington well. Years had now passed away since his first conception of this picture, and his triumph was pleasing to all.

Acting under the advice of these men, Mr. Peale went to Washington City, and placed the portrait in the Vice-President's chamber for inspection. When Chief Justice Marshall, the personal friend and biographer of Washington, saw it, he exclaimed, "It seems as if I am looking on the living man! It is more like him than any thing I have ever seen!" Lawrence Lewis, Washington's eldest nephew, said, "It is the only portrait of my uncle I would wish to look at a second time. On this I could gaze continually." Judge Washington, the favorite nephew of the patriot, said, "I am rejoiced that at last is painted a portrait worthy of Washington." Then observing it at a distance, he asked, "How is it that when I am near it is perfect, but viewing it a little way off it loses its character?" Mr. Peale pondered over this remark, and finally remembered that on one occasion, looking at Washington when seated on his horse, he had observed a sort of haziness about the eyes. With a little color he produced that effect in the picture. Judge Washington saw it afterward, and said, "Now it is perfect; never touch it again." And he did not.

These spontaneous testimonials as to the accuracy of Mr. Peale's portrait were of great value, and Judge Marshall advised him to procure written ones, of the same import, from those gentlemen and others. In this service Judge Marshall gave the example. Judges Washington, Peters, Tilghman, Livingston, Cranch, and Thacher; Charles Carroll of Carrolton, Major William Jackson, Bishop White, Colonels Howard, Tallmadge, M'Lane, and Wharton; William Rush, Generals Udree and Harper, G. W. P. Custis (Washington's adopted son), Rufus King, Governor Wolcott, and the father of the artist, all sent him letters, expressing, in the most unqualified terms, their approbation of the portrait, as the most accurate likeness of Washington they had ever beheld. These precious documents—the original manuscripts—Mr. Peale has preserved in a port-folio prepared for the purpose, and we had the privilege of perusing them.

This portrait Mr. Peale afterward took to Europe, and it excited a good deal of interest in his painting-room in England, France, and Italy. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy at Florence, where it received high commendation. In 1832 it was purchased by our Government for two thousand dollars, and placed over the chair of the Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, where we saw it a few weeks ago.

Mr. Peale spoke of the portraits of Washington painted by his father. The first was executed at Mount Vernon, in 1772, when Washington was colonel of the Alexandria militia. After he had received the appointment of Commander-in-chief of the Continental Army the elder Peale painted his portrait for John Hancock, and subsequently for several individuals and States. While sitting for Peale to paint a miniature of him for Mrs. Washington, in 1777, the General received dispatches communicating the surrender of Burgoyne. He looked at them, observed their contents, but continued the sitting, apparently unmoved, to the close, being unwilling to interrupt the artist in the midst of his labors.

Washington's sittings for young Peale were from seven till ten in the morning. He came in at the appointed moment, with his watch in his hand, punctual in his engagements with the lad. He was shaved, but the barber did not dress his hair in the formal, wig-like fashion which we see in the portraits of him at that period until after ten o'clock. Peale's portrait therefore represents him with his hair somewhat disheveled, and shows its dark-brown color when not powdered.

Among other interesting letters, Mr. Peale showed us one from the venerable Dr. Franklin, written to him just before that statesman's death. Peale was then near thirteen years of age, and had already exhibited a genius for art. Franklin assumed that he would become a painter, and he advised him to gain a competence by his profession while he was young, as the eyes of an artist fail when age whitens his hair. As we read the letter aloud, Mr. Peale smiled, and pointed to his own gray hair, his clear vision, and the productions of his daily-used pencil all around him, which show himself to be an exception to the general truthfulness and wisdom of Franklin's remark.

We were delighted with Mr. Peale's zeal for art. It is as fervid as if he was just entering upon its practice, and had achieved some of his first triumphs. In the current exhibition of our Academy of Design is a portrait from his pencil, which shows that his hand, now fourscore years old, has lost none of its cunning, nor his genius its fire. Art is literally his life and strength. He loves painting with a devotion akin to worship. "A year ago," he said, in words of pleasantry, "I thought my days were numbered, and that I should die; but I became so busily engaged in painting that the impression left me, and now I don't know when I shall depart." His nature seems in unison with the harmonies of color in which he so delights; and there is a geniality in his thoughts and expressions which gives a glow like sunshine to his presence.

We felt it to be a rare privilege to enjoy, in his own studio, the company of an artist who had painted the portrait of the revered Washington *from life*—the acknowledged best likeness of him possessed by his countrymen—and we shall ever remember with peculiar pleasure the hour with Rembrandt Peale.

LITERARY.

Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia, *by William C. Prime*, author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land," "The Old House by the River," "Later Years," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"For lovers of all that is luxurious in travel, of all that is glorious in memory, of the grand, the beautiful, the picturesque, and the strange, Egyptian travel is the perfection of life." So says Mr. Prime; and his book proves the assertion true, beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

Mr. Prime has the genuine spirit of a traveler. Wherever he went he made himself at home. Setting out from home with the determination to enjoy himself, and profit, mentally and bodily, by whatever experiences the chances of travel should throw in his way, he delights his readers by the geniality of his descriptions, and the sunny nature of the life he depicts.

Mr. Prime's mode of travel we take to be the only sensible one. He surrounded himself with his dearest friends, and thus doubled every enjoyment of the journey. He adapted himself good-naturedly to the circumstances and peculiarities of the country he was visiting, and thus gayly meeting difficulties more than half-way, overcame them, and turned them to his own advantage or amusement.

Mr. Prime's is the only American book of Eastern travel in which we find a lady occupying a conspicuous place. How very much the company of American ladies added to the charms of the voyage every one will see who reads the volume; and his lady readers will thank the author for proving the possibility of traveling comfortably with ladies.

"Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia" will do much toward making the Nile a general resort for American travelers. And a better companion by the way than the book itself, no one can ask for.

Random Sketches and Notes of European Travel in 1856, *by Rev. John E. Edwards, A.M.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

A capital book, both for those who have been to Europe and those who design to go; and, perhaps, better still for those who have no prospect of other acquaintance with it than by the medium of books. Mr. Edwards writes as he travels—pleasantly, rapidly, cheerfully—with spirit and with understanding. He describes every thing; and though we have read descriptions of some of these things a dozen times, and have seen them almost as often, the author has lent them a new charm in giving us precisely the impression they made on his own mind. We did not believe it possible that we could ever read a book with pleasure which took us along the often-trodden banks of the Arno, down the Chiaja at Naples, across the bridges at Geneva, into cathedrals, galleries, shops, and show-places all over Europe; but it is like talking it all over with an old friend, so minute, gossipy, and fresh are Mr. Edwards's "Sketches." His preface is not a whit too impudent, challenging, as it does, any criticism on his audacity in writing a new book of European travel.

School Days at Rugby, *by an Old Boy.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This book has attracted much attention in England, and we are glad to see it reprinted. It is a sketch of Tom Brown's school life, wherein boys at school, and old boys, like Tom, who now reviews his school life from that distance which age places between him and his boyhood, will find much that is pleasant, many keen pleasures revived, many old sore spots touched delicately, many old laughs woke up again from the silence of years, and, in brief, much to make them remember young days. Every one knows, or ought to know, that Rugby is, or was in-the days of Dr. Arnold, one of the schools of England—and schools are schools, and school-boys are school-boys all the world over. It is unceasingly astonishing how much human nature there is in boys everywhere!

THE DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE, *by Mrs. Jameson.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Blue-and-gold again, and 32mo. A small bit of deliciousness. Who has forgotten the pleasant and sad journey of the invalid through France, over the Simplon, to Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Genoa, Lyons, and, at last, to a nameless grave in a French provincial town? It was all a fiction, to be sure; but it was and is an exquisite work.

THE HEIRESS OF GREENHURST, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.* New York: Edward Stephens.

This is another of Mrs. Stephens's strong novels, like "Fashion and Famine" and "The Old Homestead," whose popularity was very great. The scenery of the story is in Europe, affording a freer play to the author's fine imagination than her other works.

WILSON'S BUSINESS DIRECTORY OF NEW YORK CITY FOR 1857 is published by Trow uncommonly early. The work of collecting the material and printing this book has been accomplished considerably within thirty days.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, *by Rev. John L. Blake, D.D.* Philadelphia: H. Cowperthwaite & Co.

It requires a brief calculation, which any one can make for himself, to estimate how many men have lived in the world since the days of which history gives us record, and it is a melancholy and a startling thought that of all these millions so few thousands have left names as inheritances to the world. Of those thousands how many are to be found only in the pages of a biographical dictionary! Every reading man needs and should possess a work of this kind, and we know of none in English better than Dr. Blake's. It is a fair, elaborate, and very thorough work, giving perhaps, occasionally, undue prominence to Americans, and to some unknown Americans; but on that very account more desirable here as a book of general reading; for to such a use this, as well as all similar dictionaries, is most fit. It is the place to learn the gradations of fame; to know how little is required to make a man known in his own place, how much is necessary to keep his name alive through successive works of this sort. The biographical reference books of every succeeding half-century are filled with stories of men's lives who, in the next fifty years, sink into oblivion, and are thenceforward left out of memory even by the hunters up of old celebrities. Dr. Blake's dictionary has afforded us much food for thought as we have glanced over its very well arranged and studiously-prepared pages. It possesses the recommendations of some of our most distinguished scholars; and this revised and greatly-enlarged edition will find a field which is almost totally unoccupied.

WE have several times had occasion to mention Derby & Jackson's admirable series of standard novelists. Nor could any thing be more universally welcome than Miss Porter's SCOTTISH CHIEFS and THADDEUS OF WARSAW—two books with which probably as many children are acquainted as with any other fictions. Marryatt's novels are continued by the publication of THE NAVAL OFFICER and THE PACHA OF MANY TALES. We have pleasure in commending this entire series of Derby & Jackson to the attention of purchasers for libraries or for ordinary reading.

GLENCORE, *by Charles Lever.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

This last novel of Lever's is not well received in England, and probably for the very reasons that will make it popular in America. It exhibits the nonsense, or, as we should call it, the *humbug*, of English diplomacy and diplomatists on the Continent in such a plain style, that the worshipers of Downing Street are outraged. On some accounts, it is the best of Lever's books. His predominant excellence—the description of action, life, spirit, and adventure—finds abundant room to show itself, although the scenery of the book is more confined to private life and personal character than perhaps any he has written, if we except Harry Lorrequer, which indeed it somewhat resembles. The plot is not intricate, the actors are all active and always acting, and the scenery shifts rapidly and brilliantly.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

BUT few of the expected appointments have been made. Hon. Joseph A. Wright of Indiana has been appointed Minister to Berlin, vice Vroom, who wants to return home; and Hon. Henry C. Murphy of New York to the Netherlands in the room of Mr. Belmont. Mr. William A. Richardson of Illinois is appointed Governor of Nebraska Territory. Several consuls have been appointed, among others, those to Aspinwall, Bordeaux, Southampton, and Bremen. Judge Cullen of Arkansas has been appointed Purser of the Navy. The name of the new Governor of Utah is not known: Colonel Cummings of Missouri and Governor Thomas of Maryland are mentioned as likely men. Seth Hinman, the Californian who presented the buckhorn chair to the President, has received an Indian appointment on the Pacific, with a salary of $1800.

CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The story that New Granada had ceded islands in the Bay of Panama to Great Britain is denied on all hands, and disbelieved by every one. The State Department is understood to be ready to receive a minister from Nicaragua. General William Walker is on his way to Washington with a new scheme for the Americanization of Nicaragua in his pocket; Commodore Vanderbilt is waiting for him here with a writ in his; and Messrs. Garrison and Webster are at Washington with theirs full of new projects for transit companies and revivifying charters.

NEW BRITISH DOCTRINE OF ALLEGIANCE.

A letter from the British State Department has been published in the Washington papers, going to show that Great Britain has abandoned her old doctrine of "once a subject always a subject." One Lawless, born a British subject, but a naturalized citizen of the United States, and a resident of Granada, Nicaragua, was killed during the late war. His mother applied to Lord Clarendon for indemnity. His lordship replied:

"Under the circumstances, Lord Clarendon, however much he may regret the loss you have sustained, feels himself compelled to decline to make any application to the Government of the United States on your behalf. Your son, as far as in him lay, deliberately, in him, renounced his connection with this country, and died a citizen of the United States. It must, therefore, be left to that Government to act as it may think proper with regard to your application."

THE PRESIDENT ON THE OHIO REBELLION.

There is no further news from the seat of war in Ohio. The United States Marshal, when trouble first arose, telegraphed to Washington for instructions.

The Secretary of the Interior replied as follows:

"Consult the District Attorney, and execute the law. The President wishes you to do your duty, and he will do his."

TRADE WITH THE EAST INDIA ISLANDS.

The Cabinet have now before them a proposition to protect American trade with the East India Islands. It is represented that there are now fifteen ships ready to sail from New York for those islands, if Mr. Buchanan will say the word. The last Congress made an appropriation to open this trade, and authorized the sending of a commercial agent to Borneo. Secretary Toucey is said to favor immediate action.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

The following order has been promulgated by the War Department:

"The General in Chief, with the approbation of the War Department, directs the following movements:

"First, The two companies of Second Dragoons now at Fort Randall, will move by water to Fort Leavenworth, taking with them their equipments, but leaving their horses at Fort Randall.

"Second, The Colonel of the Second Infantry will detach four companies of that regiment, three to occupy Fort Snelling and one Fort Ridgely. These companies will move by land.

"Third, The Fifth Infantry, to be replaced in Florida by volunteers, will proceed, under the command of its Lieutenant-Colonel, to Jefferson Barracks, and there await further orders.

"Fourth, The Tenth Infantry will move by water to Fort Leavenworth, eight companies at once, and the two companies left at Forts Snelling and Ridgely as soon as relieved by companies of the Second Infantry.

"Fifth, The movements here indicated will be made with the least possible delay."

Assistant-Quartermaster General Thomas goes to Fort Leavenworth, to superintend the removal of the United States troops to the Government Reserve, forty miles from Salt Lake City.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL DISEASE.

Dr. Duhamel and Dr. Antisell have given written opinions on the disease at the National Hotel to the effect that it was not produced by miasma escapements from the sewers, but that the true cause is not yet discovered. Calvert, the owner of the hotel, has based an action against the city for $75,000 damages on the above suggestion.

LORD NAPIER'S BALL.

Lord Napier, the British Minister, gave a grand ball on 28th ult., in honor of the Queen's birthday. A gossiping correspondent thus speaks of the lions and lionesses of the *soirée:*

"The French Minister, Count Sartiges, was conspicuous from his broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the star on his left breast. His Countess, *ci-dévant* Miss Thorndike, was one of the ornaments of the ball. She was elegantly attired in blue satin, with white lace flounces. Though somewhat stout for so young a person her claims to beauty are undeniable. Her bust is magnificent, and her face is singularly attractive from its expression of real good-nature. Her bearing, too, is easy and distinguished, and reminds one of a duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain.

"The Russian Minister, the Baron Stoeckel, traveled all night from New York rather than fail in responding in person to the invitation of the English Minister, which would have been a serious slight, as the ball was in honor of the Queen. His charming wife, *autre fois* Miss Thompson, of Massachusetts, whether from a hint of her diplomatic spouse or from her own inclination, was exceedingly gay. She is a tall and well-shaped woman, pleasing expression of face, and delightfully unaffected manners. Madame Cramer, the wife of a Secretary of the Russian legation, attracted much attention. She is a Russian by birth, but was admired more for her beauty than that. She wore her hair *à la Chinoise*, which enhanced the effect of her striking physiognomy.

"The tall and very gentlemanly Secretary of the Navy, Governor Toucey, was there with his wife, who is nearly as tall, and equally distinguished in appearance and demeanor. The genial face of the plump Secretary of the Treasury wore an expression of the heartiest satisfaction. Howell Cobb is a keen-witted and warm-hearted man, and enjoys fine society as much as he does the contest of politics or the dignities of office. He is perhaps the most popular man of the Cabinet, and Lord Napier holds him in especial regard. Governor Floyd, the Secretary of War, arrived with military exactness among the earliest guests. He seems cut out to preside over the War Office, from his really martial appearance and martinet air. All must have noticed a tall man, of pleasant, offhand manners, moving to and fro through the rooms, with a searching, critical, disputatious countenance, as though its owner had an especial fondness for Gordian knots. This was Judge Black, the Attorney General, and one of the most awkward customers in a law argument any antagonist could meet with. His wife is a phenomenon, not of beauty only, but of extraordinary youth. Her daughter is grown up, and it is not easy to say which is the senior of the two.

"A very unpretending, sedate, easy sort of a man is the Assistant Secretary of State, Hon. John Appleton, who seemed vastly to enjoy the ball, for serious people are often very fond of levities. Mrs. Appleton is a sprightly and highly cultivated person, admirably adapted for society, and it is no wonder, therefore, that she seemed quite at home at the ball. Seated comfortably on a sofa in a side room we remarked a stout man, whose complacency seemed quite impregnable. His face and manner displayed a contented repose really enviable, yet his eye peeped out occasionally from its covert, and exhibited energy, will, and intellect, not unmixed with uncommon cuteness. This was the new Postmaster-General, Governor Brown. His wife, a handsome woman, of frank, unaffected bearing, and of a cordial and kindly nature, was promenading about with her eldest daughter by a former marriage, Miss Saunders. This young lady is destined for a Washington belle. A pleasant, jolly looking person who contemplated the scene around him, somewhat in the light of an inoffensive joke, was Mr. Clayton, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and one of the best business men of this important department. His wife, the mother of a numerous progeny, was one of the youngest and prettiest women at the ball. The nephew of the President and his private Secretary, Mr. Buchanan Henry, attended the ball.

"That solemn, formal man, with so little pretension of manner as to remind one of a country parson, is perhaps, without exception, the most learned and accomplished scholar in the country, Hon. Edward Everett. What a contrast in bearing and vivacity is the sprightly lady near him, who converses with such incredible fluency and elegance upon all topics alike, whether serious or light—that is his daughter, Mrs. Lieutenant Wise! That neat, spruce-looking person, with such an intelligent face and brisk movement, is Mr. W. B. Reed, the new Commissioner to China, and the lady he is talking to is unquestionably one of the most elegant persons present, and admitted to be *la grande dame* of Washington; her massive black hair is exquisitely *coiffé*; her faultless toilet, ease of manner, with a certain grace and pliancy of step, all indicate that she is of a southern clime, while her intelligent remarks smack of northern culture; she is the wife of Hon. John Slidell, of Louisiana, and a Creole by birth. Decidedly one of the best dressed and most captivating beauties of the ball-room was the lovely daughter of Captain Ingraham, so well known for his bold rescue of the Hungarian Koszta. A Washington belle, Miss Markoe, showed in her fine bearing and *bon ton* unmistakable signs of having inherited from an old stock these rare and attractive traits. One of the greatest favorites of Washington society, Mrs. Stout, a daughter of Commodore Aulick, dispensed her gracious smiles and sparkling wit with even more than her usual liberality. Hon. Reverdy Johnson and his imposing-looking wife, thought the occasion worthy of an unusual act of homage, and came down from Baltimore in honor of the ball. Most persons remarked the smiling face and comfortable air of a stout, pleasant-looking man, who seemed well contented with his lot in life, and would doubtless have wondered to hear there was such a thing as disappointment in the world, as he had never met it. This was Mr. Corcoran, the millionaire, who, out of government loans and attention to business, has amassed a princely fortune, with an only daughter, a charming girl, to inherit it. The Mayor of Washington, Mr. Magruder, one of the best-natured of men, though a vigilant and effective officer, was at the ball with his young and pretty wife."

ELECTION RIOT AT WASHINGTON.

A bloody riot took place at the municipal election at Washington on 1st inst. It appears that a number of Baltimore "Plug-Uglies" (Know Nothings) went to Washington purposely to create a riot. After some skirmishing they supplied themselves with revolvers, stones, billies, brickbats, and they made a concerted onslaught upon the voters. A terrible scene ensued, in which the entire crowd participated. Stones and pistols were rapidly discharged, and men were trampled to the earth, beaten, stamped on, and severely wounded. Among those injured was R. E. Owens, Fourth Ward Commissioner, who had his wrist badly shattered by a pistol ball. A. Kloffer received a spent ball in his forehead, which stunned him, but inflicted no serious injury. Captain Goddard was, with several officers, on the ground, and the captain did good service with his long arms and heavy blows in quelling the affray. He was severely struck several times, but got off without any serious damage.

The Mayor called upon the President for the assistance of the marines, who were immediately called out.

The marines formed in line and marched toward the City Hall, the crowd of rioters hooting and yelling, threatening and insulting them at every step. They were passed on their way up by a crowd of Plug-Uglies and others, who were hauling a brass swivel, and threatening that not a marine should return to the Navy Yard alive. Arrived at the City Hall, Captain Tyler reported service to the Mayor.

The Marines were addressed by General Henderson, who said, "Men, you have always done your duty in the service of your country; I expect you now to do your duty bravely, if necessary, in the protection of the laws and the rights of citizens."

CANNON BROUGHT OUT BY THE RIOTERS.

The files then moved to the scene of action. Some sixty or seventy yards above them, and opposite the market-house, a cannon was hauled out, and a large crowd of rioters surrounded it, while a delegation of their number was sent to inform the commanding officer that, unless the marines were instantly withdrawn, the piece would be discharged into their ranks. Captain Tyler, on receiving this threatening message, immediately gave the order to move toward the gun, and when the right of the line was nearly opposite it, General Henderson deliberately went up to the piece and placed his body against the muzzle, thereby preventing it from being aimed at the marines, just at the moment when it was about to be discharged. The General was dressed in citizen's dress, and armed with nothing more deadly than a cotton umbrella. He addressed the rioters, saying, "Men, you had best think twice before you fire this piece at the marines." He informed the crowd that the guns were loaded with ball-cartridge, and warned them repeatedly to desist. All the officers repeatedly warned the citizens to go away from the spot.

The General, finding that the piece would be fired unless captured, instantly crossed over to Captain Tyler and gave the order for ten or fifteen of the marines to take it. During this time a number of pistol-shots were fired at General Henderson, some of the parties standing within a few feet of him when firing. One platoon of the marines brought their arms to the trail without cocking, and charged the piece on a run. Those in charge of the piece instantly retreated, and a dozen or more revolvers were discharged at the platoon, who laid hold of the gun and were taking it away. A sortie was made by the mob to recover the piece, when General Henderson ran up and hauled it across the street to the rear of the marines.

FIRE!

A man ran up to the General, within two feet of his person, and was about to discharge his revolver, when a marine, with his musket, struck his arm, causing the weapon to fall, and at the same time the General seized the villain and marched him off to the Mayor, into whose hands he placed him. The pistol-shots now rattled around like hailstones, and the officers had great difficulty in restraining their men from returning the fire. General Henderson and all the officers were constantly admonishing the men not to fire until the command was given; but a shot coming from the crowd, struck a marine in the cheek, inflicting a dreadful wound, and several more being hit with balls and brickbats, the soldiers could stand it no longer. They poured in an answering fire, which was stopped as soon as possible by the officers.

The two companies now formed in hollow square, where they remained standing for some time. Several shots were fired from a distance, by one of which a marine was wounded in the shoulder. The battalion made a movement as if to pour in another volley, which the rioters seeing, took to their heels and fled. The force was finally drawn off to the City Hall, where they remained for some time, and then proceeded to the railroad depôt to intercept, if necessary, any more of the murderous gang arriving from Baltimore. They remained there until half past eight o'clock, when the captain received notice from the Mayor that their services were no longer required, and they accordingly proceeded to their barracks.

Some six men were killed on the spot, and about fifteen wounded, some fatally. The verdict of the jury on the corpses was: "Came to his death by a musket ball shot by the United States marines under order of the Mayor." Mayor Magruder's conduct is universally extolled.

KNOW NOTHING CONVENTION AT LOUISVILLE.

The National Convention of the Know Nothings was held at Louisville on 2d and 3d of June, E. B. Bartlett presiding. The Convention was addressed by Erastus Brooks of New York, Anthony Kennedy of Maryland, R. W. Thomson of Indiana, Gustavus Adolphus Scroggs of New York, Hillyer and Shackelford of Mississippi, and other prominent Know Nothings. The present officers were re-elected without opposition. The following Committee on Resolutions was appointed: Erastus Brooks of New York, Mr. Hoffman of Maryland, Vespasian Ellis of Washington, G. M. Hillyer of Mississippi, W. H. Sutton of Arkansas, R. W. Thomson of Indiana, W. F. Switzerler of Missouri, J. Scott Harrison of Ohio, W. S. Wood of Michigan, W. W. Danenhower of Illinois, A. Baldwin of Connecticut, J. J. Crittenden of Kentucky, and A. Kennedy of Maryland.

They reported the following resolutions on organization, which were unanimously adopted,

Resolved, That upon the adjournment of the present National Council, the same stand adjourned till called together as hereinafter provided.

Resolved, That the American party in each State, Territory, and District of Columbia, be authorized to adopt such plan of organization as respectively they may think best suited to the views of the members of the party in their several localities.

Resolved, That the President of the Council be authorized to select a National Executive Committee, composed of thirteen members, of whom five shall constitute a quorum, who shall select a Chairman and correspond with the authorized representatives of the American party throughout the United States, and call together the National Council at such time and place as they may think proper.

They also reported resolutions on political principles, but General Scroggs of Buffalo moved as a substitute for the whole report, the platform of principles adopted at the National Convention in Philadelphia in 1856, with the omission of the three resolutions therein numbered 13, 14, and 15, relating to the Pierce Administration, and the amendment was carried.

The Convention then adjourned *sine die.*

LEGISLATURE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Governor Haile, of New Hampshire, was inaugurated on the 1st inst. In his Inaugural he regrets that the spirit of emigration has deprived the State of many of its ablest citizens, but notwithstanding unusual progress in industrial pursuits has been made during the past year. He objects to unnecessary legislation, and advocates advances in education, and the establishment of a Board of Education, and a State Normal School. The State debt has somewhat increased, but he says retrenchment will extinguish it without resorting to increased taxation. The Liquor law had been attended with favorable results. The Governor makes various suggestions about taxation and other local matters; opposes the increase of banking capital; advocates a longer period of residence by aliens, and that they shall be able to read and write the English language before they can be admitted to the rights of suffrage. The Governor deems the Dred Scott decision suggestive of the expediency of an earnest protest from the Legislature of every free State, as repugnant to our sense of justice and to the principles of equality which lie at the foundation of our government; and that slavery should be confined to its present limits. In conclusion, the Governor suggests pecuniary aid to the free settlers of Kansas.

GOVERNOR WALKER IN KANSAS.

Hon. Robert J. Walker has arrived at Lecompton, Kansas. He was met by a large body of citizens of Kansas, with a band of music and colors flying, and escorted to the city. His reception was very enthusiastic, and was without distinction of party. He made a short address, and hailed his fellow-citizens with sentiments of the most cordial and harmonious feelings, which were received with applause and the most friendly demonstrations.

In his Inaugural, which is a very lengthy document, Governor Walker urges the Free State men to participate in the election of Delegates to the Constitutional Convention. He adds: "I can not doubt that the Convention, after having framed a State Constitution, will submit it for ratification or rejection by a majority of the then actual *bona fide* resident settlers of Kansas.

"I repeat, then, as my clear conviction, that unless the Convention submit the constitution to the vote of all the actual resident settlers of Kansas, and the election be fairly and justly conducted, the constitution will be, and ought to be, rejected by Congress."

GOVERNOR WALKER ON SLAVERY IN KANSAS.

He says on this point: "There is a law more powerful than the legislation of men, more potent than passion or prejudice, that must ultimately determine the location of Slavery in this country; it is the isothermal line, it is the law of the thermometer, of latitude or altitude, regulating climate, labor, and productions, and, as a consequence, profit and loss. Thus, even upon the mountain heights of the tropics, Slavery can no more exist than in northern latitudes, because it is unprofitable, being unsuited to the constitution of that sable race transplanted here from the equatorial heats of Africa. Why is it that in the Union Slavery recedes from the North and progresses South? It is this same great climatic law now operating for or against Slavery in Kansas. If, on the elevated plains of Kansas, stretching to the base of our American Alps—the Rocky Mountains—and including their eastern crest, crowned with perpetual snow, from which sweep over her open prairies those chilling blasts reducing the average range of the thermometer here to a temperature nearly as low as that of New England, should render Slavery unprofitable here, because unsuited to the tropical constitution of the negro race, the law above referred to must ultimately determine that question here, and can no more be controlled by the legislation of man than any other moral or physical law of the Almighty. Especially must this law operate with irresistible force in this country, where the number of slaves is limited, and can not be increased by importation, where many millions of acres of sugar and cotton lands are still uncultivated, and from the ever-augmenting demand exceeding the supply, the price of those great staples has nearly doubled, demanding vastly more slave labor for their production.

"If, from the operation of these causes, Slavery should not exist here, I trust it by no means follows that Kansas should become a State controlled by the treason and fanaticism of abolition."

MORE TROUBLES IN UTAH.

The Leavenworth *Herald* learns from Mr. Williams, who left Salt Lake on April 15, that there was great excitement at that place. Brigham Young was carrying things with a high hand, and driving the Gentiles away. Judge Stiles, the United States Marshal, and the Surveyor General with his family and a large number of emigrants, had been obliged to leave the Territory.

ELECTION NEWS.

At the Virginia election, on 28th ult., the Know Nothings were badly beaten, and the Democrats elected their whole delegation to Congress save one. Even Richmond went Democratic.

The prominent Republican candidates for the vacant Senatorship from New Hampshire are Hon. Ichabod Goodwin, Daniel Clark, Hon. Joel Eastman, and Hon. Thomas M. Edwards.

Isaac Hazlehurst, of Philadelphia, has received the American nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania.

At the Charter Election at New Haven, Connecticut, on 1st inst., the Democrats elected their Mayor and carried three wards.

At the Charter Election at Canandaigua, New York, on 2d inst., the whole American ticket was elected.

GENERAL WALKER ON NICARAGUA.

General Walker, the returned filibuster, is having a triumphal progress up the Mississippi. In his speech at New Orleans, he ascribed his failure, first, to British interference; secondly, to the efforts of the Abolitionists; and thirdly, to the intrigues of Pierce and Marcy. He said: "I have but to vindicate the acts of Americans in Nicaragua. You all know how long and how successfully I strived; with what means I forced back the enemy; braved that worst of foes, the lurking pestilence, then raging with violence in Granada. But for a new influence, which, I regret to say, comes but little less from my own than a foreign country, we might still have been in arms in Nicaragua. It is probable we had no right to expect sympathy from the British, even if determined at the sacrifice of the honor and rights of British officers; but I need not tell you that officers in the British service encouraged desertion from our army. They but obeyed *dictum* of a superior authority. But whatever the position of these officers, I could not but think that, unless governed by some strange collusion, they would not thus have interfered with American citizens. It is impossible to explain it except by supposing that Americans were on the same side with the British. Our worst enemies were Americans. Oh, that they had been born in some other country! It is our shame that they should at their birth have breathed the same air as honest Americans. It was not until the last exigency—that of reverse and danger—an American, bearing the name and arms of an American officer, consummated what British interference had begun.

"It was reserved for Captain Davis to make himself a party to an alliance with the British and the mongrels of Central America to drive his own race from the Isthmus. He expressed his determination to seize the *Granada*, and we were bound to yield to him. Yes, fellow-citizens, we were forced to make terms, and to surrender to an officer of the American navy. Great was our indignation when we learned that the Americans had thus interfered with the American cause in Nicaragua. Why this action of Davis? Because he had received instructions from Washington. But why were these instructions given? It was because here was presented the real issue between the Marcy treaty as it was and the Americans in Nicaragua. Here was the starting source. The American Minister to England and the abolitionists at the North determined that Slavery should be excluded from a place over which Americans had no control."

He wound up, of course, by saying that he was going back right away to glory.

PERSONAL.

Prince Albert has been elected an honorary member of the Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

The President is said to have offered the Liverpool Consulate to Colonel Forney.

Senator Gwin leaves Washington for California on the next steamer.

Judge Drummond, who recently resigned his judicial office in Utah, and has busied himself with writing letters exposing the immoralities of his Mormon acquaintances, is accused of deserting his own family by an Illinois paper.

Ex-Secretary Jefferson Davis recently arrived at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and had a grand reception and made a speech. It was all about Cuba, and the efforts made by the Pierce Administration to get possession of that lovely but exposed island.

The Mormons have lost one of their great lights, one J. M. Grant, and the announcement of his death closes in the most approved obituary style: "He has gone now, leaving seven disconsolate widows, and several children, four of whom are under eight weeks of age, to mourn their irreparable loss."

Mr. Nathaniel W. Merrill, of the well-known firm of Taylor and Merrill of this city, died at Paris on the 17th of May, of disease of the heart. The flags of our shipping were displayed at half-mast on the day the news arrived, in honor of his memory.

Hon. Eli Thayer returned to his home in Worcester, Massachusetts, on 22d ultimo, after a fortnight's tour of business and observation, through portions of Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky. Mr. Thayer made no secret of the objects of his visit, and was received with the most cordial hospitality wherever he went, by slaveholders as well as others, and the most intense interest was everywhere manifested in his emigration scheme.

The death of Lieutenant Albert Allmand, which occurred at Boston on 31st ult., was very sudden. It appears he was at divine service on board the United States frigate *Cumberland*, and on its conclusion was standing on deck conversing with his brother officers, when he fell prostrate from a fit of apoplexy, and died in less than an hour. Lieutenant Allmand was a native of Virginia, resident at Norfolk, about thirty years of age, and had been in the service since 1841.

Theodore Banks, Esq., President of the New York Corn Exchange, died on 31st ult., after a lingering illness, in the 48th year of his age. Mr. Banks had, by his well-known integrity in business, his promptness, and decision of character, obtained a deservedly high position in the mercantile community.

Hon. N. P. Banks has been nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by some journals.

During the absence of General Cass from Washington, Hon John Appleton officiates as acting Secretary of State. General Cass will return to the seat of government toward the close of the present month.

Colonel Bainbridge of the army is supposed to have been killed by the explosion of the *Louisiana* in Galveston Bay, on 31st ult.

James J. Orr, from New York, having been fleeced by gamblers, attempted suicide by cutting his throat at the Johnson House, Cleveland, on the 27th ultimo. Surgeons were called, and after his wounds were dressed, he manifested a strong desire to recover, having a wife and three children at home.

Mr. H. F. Gardner has accepted the proposition made by the Boston *Courier*, to pay $500 to any spiritual medium who will communicate a single word imparted to the spirits, who will read a single word in English, written inside a book or sheet of paper, who will tilt a piano without touching it, or cause a chair to move a foot.

Colonel Duryea, of the National Guard, has lost, in the suit brought against the Guard by Mrs. Castle, for damages for the death of her child and injury to herself, occasioned by a stray shot during a parade at Kingston in 1855. The jury gave Mrs. Castle $1500.

A Sandy Hill paper relates that a gentleman residing in the town of Granville, Washington county, died recently and willed his wife a handsome sum—stipulating in his will that, in case she again married, the sum was to be doubled.

The beautiful wife of one of our theatrical managers is said to have been sent off last week to the Lunatic Asylum. The lady's friends are disposed to doubt her lunacy, and allege that the "manager" had her committed to the asylum, in order to frighten her out of certain conveyances of real estate, which he had transferred to her when in a more loving mood. The case will probably give rise to litigation.

George Sanders, the Surveyor of the Port, has gone to Kansas.

Hon. L. M. Keitt, of South Carolina, has been lecturing in the South on the "Harmony of Creation." A Cheraw paper says that "he has made good use of the hours snatched from the arduous labors of a Southern statesman," and "that a mind so well stored with learning must soon make its impress upon the world."

Senator Wilson has returned from Kansas.

It is hoped that the London oculist, to whom Crawford the sculptor has resorted, may effect a cure.

THE "PAYCOCK OF AN AMERIKIN GENTLIMIN."

Of Butler, the keeper of a Washington restaurant, the following story is told by a correspondent:

"'Fred Butler' is the successor of the famous 'Mikey Foy.' Mikey used to keep a saloon in the Capitol; he knew all the members by name; their districts and their peculiarities. 'Misther Dawshon, of Georgia,' he used to characterize as 'the paycock of Amerikin gentlimin,' because, 'afther taking six oysthers and a glass of brandy and wather,' Mr. Dawson would hand Mikey a gold dollar, saying, 'Keep the change!' This is what Foy called the 'paycock of an Amerikin gentlimin.' Butler, who knows every body of this generation, keeps a saloon on Fourteenth Street. If the party 'treating' be an office-seeker, and the party treated a man of influence, Butler asks the office-seeker—'Do you want all you ax for?' If the wink is in the affirmative, Fred Butler gives the man of influence a 'stunner,' which is sure to secure to the office-seeker a very full hearing. This is an odd way of doing things, but it is within the range of diplomacy."

SHE COULDN'T ELOPE.

A young lady of Cincinnati—pretty and interesting, of course—requested a private interview with her papa, in his library, one day last week, and told him that she had fixed her affections upon a gentleman whom she knew he would be unwilling she should wed; but without whom she could not and would not live.

Papa requested the name of the gentleman who had won his daughter's heart; but she, going into dramatic attitudes, declared she felt assured he would not give his consent, but fate had united them in soul; that the heliotrope of her existence must ever turn to the sun of his love; that the harmony of earth and heaven would be marred if two adoring spirits were divided; if the divine stream of their life did not unite, and flow through the vale of time, clear, bright, and beautiful.

"But who—who is he? Pray tell me," interposed the father.

The name was given; and the parent, without a moment's consideration, consented to the union.

The daughter then burst into a Medean storm of seeming grief, which very naturally astonished her parent.

"Why, what ails you, my dear child? Have I not granted your wish? I am perfectly willing you should marry him you love. What more can I do?"

Sighs, tears, groans and wringing of hands were the only answer.

"Tell me, my darling, why you are wretched? Have I not given my consent?"

"Yes, yes, (sobbing violently)—but—but—"

"But, what?"

"Why, now, now—I can't—"

"Speak out, my child—what is it?"

"I can't—(with a great burst of emotion)—I can't—Oh, dear father—I am wretched; for now—I can't elope!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

On the 19th ult. Lord Palmerston, in the Commons, and the Lord Chancellor, in the Lords, read the following message from the Queen:

"Her Majesty having agreed to the marriage of the Princess Royal with His Royal Highness Prince Frederick, of Prussia, has thought fit to communicate the same to the House of Lords [or Commons]. Her Majesty is fully persuaded that this alliance can not but be acceptable to all her Majesty's faithful subjects; and the many proofs which her Majesty has received of the attachment and affection of this house to her Majesty's person and family leave her no room to doubt the ready concurrence in such measures as may contribute to the conclusion of the marriage of her eldest daughter in a manner suitable to the dignity of the Crown and the honor of the country."

The usual address was voted by both Houses, and it was then proposed that the Princess Royal should have a marriage portion of £40,000, and an allowance of £8000 a year. The reigns of George II. and George III. were adduced as precedents as to the practice in such cases. Mr. Roebuck regarded such precedents as absurd, and moved an amendment. The members of the House, however, were impatient to vote, and after Lord John Russell had spoken against the amendment, Mr. Roebuck declined going to a division, and the motion was agreed to. The marriage is very favorably viewed in Prussia.

THE LAYING OF THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

It is now understood that the United States Steamship *Niagara* will not take any of the telegraphic cable on board, as it has been found that to fit her for its reception and the process of paying it out would require not only a large expenditure of money, but would so damage the vessel as to render her almost unfit for naval service. Under these circumstances, her commander, Captain Hudson, would not, of course, consider himself justified in allowing the alterations to be made which it is said are necessary to the complete success of the undertaking. It is understood that the Company will buy a vessel to take her place. The manufacture of the cable is progressing at Greenwich and Birkenhead at the rate of two hundred miles a week in both places, but there are occasional interruptions, as it appears the making of the wire covering or external protection of the gutta percha by which the core or conductor is insulated, does not proceed with the same rapidity as that of the other part of the cable. Allowing for these interruptions, the whole will, doubtless, be finished in six or seven weeks. In the mean time, the English screw propeller, the *Agamemnon*, which, as has been stated, was detached from the naval service for this work, and the vessel which the Company propose purchasing will go to work at each of the factories and coil that portion of the cable which is manufactured, and which is between seventeen and eighteen hundred miles in length. As there is no time to be lost, they will have to commence operations at once.

SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

The Marchioness of Westmeath, availing herself of the agitation in favor of the amended marriage laws, or rather the laws relating to the property of married women, has sent to the London papers and the clubs a volume of nearly 300 pages, detailing the matrimonial experiences of some forty years. Such a catalogue of horrors and scandals of all kinds never yet emanated from the brain of the wildest manufacturer of French romances of the most prurient school. This British peer of the realm is described as beating and kicking his wife within a fortnight of her confinement with her first child, a fortnight after, and continuously for years subsequently; also of depriving her of food, and of the common decencies and necessaries of life, she herself, be it observed, being the daughter of a British Marquis of immense wealth (Salisbury) and of the most powerful connections, and she also being the particular favorite of the late King and Queen of England. The husband is then represented as having endeavored to pollute her mind with the enforced perusal of unmentionable literature, the object of that being that she might be the more readily induced to prostitute herself to the Duke of Wellington, that her husband might profit by the patronage so to be procured. The Marquis is further represented to have employed his own mother to prevail on his wife to play the part of Potiphar's wife to the Duke; and when she indignantly refused, and threatened to tell the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord Westmeath threatened to make public the scandals of Lady Salisbury's life if she dared to befriend his wife. All this, and more, and worse, is set forth for the regalement of London aristocratic society at the present moment, fortified with endless legal proofs from various law courts in which the illustrious pair have been wrangling for the better part of a quarter of a century.

PLAIN TALK.

The Earl of Orford, in reply to an application made to him by the secretary of the Norwich Bible Society to take the chair at their meeting, writes as follows:

"Sir,—I am surprised and annoyed at the contents of your letter. Surprised, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application, and annoyed, because it obliges me to have this communication with you. I have long been addicted to the gaming-table—I have lately taken to the turf—I fear I frequently blaspheme—have never distributed religious tracts. All this was well known to you and your society; notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your president. God forgive your hypocrisy! I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints.

"I am, Sir, etc. (Signed) Orford."

HOW TO MANAGE MADMEN.

John Blackwell, shoemaker, residing at Wokingham, England, became insane from over-study of the Bible. Steps were taken to lodge him in a pauper lunatic asylum, and, in the mean time, one Rance was set to watch him, and stay with him day and night. Rance slept beside him. In the night Blackwell stabbed him, having a presentiment on his mind that Rance was "a devil on earth." Before the Magistrate, Blackwell said, "The knife did not cut, but I managed to hag and jag away until I had done the job."

FRANCE.

MATRIMONIAL PROJECTS OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

It is understood that Prince Napoleon is going to marry the Princess of Hohenzollern. A Government paper manages to give a certain semi-official air to its announcement, for, after repeating what is to be found in a German newspaper, it adds a short description of the birth, parentage, etc., of the Princess of Hohenzollern, and ends by saying: "Her Royal Highness is at this moment staying with her cousin the Princess Royal of Saxony (born Princess Wasa)," which amply explains the cause of "Plon Plon's" visit to Dresden. Certainly the ups and downs of this life in our present revolutionary age are strange. Here is the man whom nobody would even hear of as a bridegroom, whom Mdlle. de Wagram refused, in order to marry young Joachim Murat; here is Jerome's much decried son proposing, probably, for a Princess, who, four years ago, despised the hand even of his Imperial cousin. The Emperor first tried to marry the Princess Carola Wasa, who flatly and firmly said "No," and became the wife of the Crown Prince of Saxony. His next attempt (but a less overt one) was for his other cousin, the young Princess of Hohenzollern, but this, without even coming to a direct demand or refusal, was quietly and politely set aside; so that, in fact, here is "Plon Plon" about to be received as a suitor at a Court where two Princesses might each of them, some time since, but would not be, his cousin's wife, and his, "Plon Plon's," sovereign.

IMPERIAL HACKNEY COACHES.

Napoleon went to town to see his old friend M. Vieillard, who recently died. On arrival at the station he took a hackney coach, and on alighting gave the coachman 100 francs. The man, thinking that it was by mistake, observed, "*Le bourgeois se trompe*," and could scarcely believe his good fortune when he was told that his fare was the Emperor, and that the money was really for himself.

DEATH OF VIDOCQ.

A very familiar and almost historical personage has just died in Paris—the famous Vidocq, who, from one of the most expert thieves in Europe, was promoted to be Prefect of Police. Vidocq, whose adventures and experience in both capacities, have been communicated to the world in his own memoirs, retired from office many years ago, and was succeeded by Lacour, whose qualifications, though of a like kind, have not obtained equal celebrity. The Government then resolved to appoint a person of less questionable antecedents. The office has since been filled by M. Carlier, now a Conseiller d'Etat. Vidocq, who had retired with a competence, died a few days since, aged seventy-eight, at his residence, in the Rue St. Pierre, Popincourt. At his own express desire no friends were present at his funeral, which was attended only by hired mourners, at the church of St. Louis, in the Marais.

Vidocq, a few days before his death, had an extraordinary idea—that if his feet, already palsied with death, could touch the earth, he would recover. In compliance with his wish, a layer of fine mould was placed by his bedside. He rose with difficulty, supported by his attendants, and placed his feet on it; as he did so a flash of life, so to speak, passed over his features, and he drew himself up to his full height; but his strength gave way beneath the effort, and he fell back inert and cold. From that moment he saw that all was over with him, and abandoning hope, he occupied himself exclusively with his religious duties.

A WATCH MADE OF STRAW.

A youth, aged eighteen, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, was, about a year ago, condemned for theft to five years' imprisonment. His conduct in prison being quite exemplary, he gained the good opinion of the director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago, he begged the director to tell him what o'clock it was, that he might set his watch? "You have a watch, then?" asked the director. "Only since yesterday, Sir," said the prisoner, and, to the astonishment of the director, produced one made of straw! This little master-piece is two inches and a half in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up; the dial-plate is of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments and materials the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw, and thread. Several persons of distinction, moved by this surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

SILK-WORMS IN FRANCE.

An important consignment, consisting of 300 cocoons of silk-worms that live in the oaks in the north of China, has just been sent to the Paris Société d'Acclimation by one of its members, the Bishop of Mantchouria. As a variety, and particularly from the climate in which it lives, this worm differs materially from those of India, which the society had before received from another member. It is expected that this worm, being accustomed to a rather cold climate, will thrive well in the north of France, and prove of great utility.

NEW ÆRIAL MACHINE.

A Lyons paper publishes in its advertising columns a woodcut representing a steamer supported in the air by two balloons, with the tempting inscription: "Persons desirous of taking shares in the above balloon, now constructing in Turin, may do so by applying to so-and-so, at Lyons. The said balloon will accomplish the journey from Turin to Paris in fourteen hours. Price of shares, 10 francs 55 centimes." The number of shares is not stated.

A HAUNTED CHURCH.

The Church of St. Etienne du Mont, where the late Archbishop of Paris was assassinated, seems destined to remain the cause of scandal. A few weeks ago a deserted infant was found within its walls; a few days since, while mass was being performed, a sudden burst of light, followed by explosions, struck dismay into the persons present, who fled panic-stricken. The explosions proceeded, it was ascertained, from powerful detonating balls, placed in the way of the curé.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PARRICIDE.

M. Lechaux, a retired builder and a member of the Municipal Council, sixty-four years of age, resided with his son and two daughters in the village of Olivet in the Department of the Loiret. The old gentleman, who had lost his wife some time since, was paralytic. A misunderstanding existed between the father and son relative to the partition of the property belonging to the late Madame Lechaux. One day last week the old man returned home after a drive in his carriage; his daughter assisted him to alight, and at the same moment his son approached, and in an angry tone asked his father how he dared to dispose of some timber without his permission. Thence an altercation ensued, when the son laid hold of his father by the collar, and the latter raised his cane. The son seized the end of the cane, and by means of it drew the old man toward his workshop. There he loosed the cane, and suddenly seizing a carpenter's axe, struck at his father. The daughter, however, who clung to her father, warded off the first blow. The parricide, who is a man of Herculean strength, struck again, and wounded his father in the shoulder. Not satisfied with that, he struck a third time, and with such force that he cut through the face and severed the carotid artery. Lechaux then fell, and the daughter, who had used every effort to prevent the perpetration of the crime, fled, terrified at the ghastly sight, and screaming for assistance. The parricide in the mean time quietly picked up the murdered man's cane, placed it carefully beside the axe, and went up stairs to his room and locked himself in. There he sat down at his desk, receipted some accounts, and, to use his own expression, "set his affairs in order." The officers of justice having been apprised of what had occurred, went to the house, knocked at the door of the parricide's room, and commanded him to open it in the name of the law. "Presently," replied he, "in a few minutes. . . . Have patience; I will not destroy myself; I will not do my family that honor. I will die on the scaffold." The officer insisted, and the door was finally opened. The Imperial attorney, accompanied by an officer and two gendarmes, proceeded to interrogate the parricide, who coolly confessed his crime, adding, "It must have happened sooner or later." Antoine Lechaux, who is forty years of age, unmarried, and possessed of an independent fortune, was committed to the prison of Orleans, at ten o'clock at night, followed by an immense crowd, who waited several hours to catch a glimpse of the assassin. His trial will take place at the approaching assizes.

A BOY KILLED BY LEECHES.

At the village of Mentigny le Mare, near Paris, M. Lanquié, a druggist, lately established a nursery of leeches, for medical purposes, in a marsh or pond, where he was accustomed to feed them by driving an old worn-out horse, purchased at a knacker's yard, every morning into the muddy water, and allowing the leeches to fix and gorge themselves with blood, at the expense of the horse's legs. His son, a boy of thirteen, used to ride the horse into the pond; but, a few days ago, the boy having gone alone upon that errand, the family were terrified by the horse coming back without its rider; its legs were bleeding profusely and covered with leeches that stuck to their prey. People went to the pond to look for the child, and found him immersed there struggling feebly to extricate himself from the mire, and to defend himself from the hundreds of voracious creatures which had crawled under his clothes (for he wore no shoes or stockings), and had fixed upon every part of his body. He had, probably, been thrown off the horse's back by the restlessness of the tormented animal. The poor boy was quite exhausted and speechless when he was got out, and died in a few hours.

ANOTHER FINANCIER SCHUYLERIZING.

Another development in connection with the speculative mania in Paris has taken place. The stoppage of M. Charles Thurneyssen, a banker and shareholder, with debts variously stated at an amount equal to from £800,000 to £1,000,000, has just been communicated, and also his departure from Paris. The chief sufferers, it appears, consist of persons who had deposited money and securities in his hands, some of the principal Polish families resident in Paris having trusted him with extraordinary amounts. One instance of the kind is alleged in which the sum is more than £300,000. It is said that M. Thurneyssen left Paris *en route* to the United States, and it is inferred that he sailed by the *Arabia*. M. Thurneyssen is a nephew of the well-known banker of the same name, who is one of the promoters of the Russian Railway Company. His family is also nearly connected with that of M. Isaac Pereire, and it was probably from the influence of these circumstances that he contrived to acquire his credit. It was exactly at this time last year that the failure of M. Place, one of the directors of the Crédit Mobilier, was announced on the Bourse, also for £800,000; and, looking at the facts in both cases, the question is unavoidably suggested as to how far the unsoundness at this moment extends. The cause for surprise is the magnitude of the liabilities that can thus be contracted without engendering notice or suspicion. Not a fortnight has elapsed since the Crédit Mobilier affirmed that its position was that of a sentinel over the healthy development of French enterprise. Are its directors still certain that they are competent to the functions they have assumed?

THE BOULEVARD DE SEBASTOPOL.

This magnificent thoroughfare is within 470 metres of its completion on the right bank of the Seine, and will, in its progress, entirely absorb the Enclos de la Trinité, a nest of horrid little filthy lanes, occupying the space where the Hopital de la Trinité stood, which dated from 1202, and was chiefly reserved for pilgrims. Toward the end of the fourteenth century the monks of this establishment let out the largest hall of the building to the Confrères de la Passion a company of comedians. In 1536 the Parliament of Paris ordered a portion of the hospital to be reserved for patients laboring under contagious disorders; but this decree was never put into force, and the establishment was at length devoted to the education of poor children. Next in the order of demolition come the dark and fetid Rue Guérin Boisseau and the Rue du Ponceau, which was built by François Miron, *prévot des marchands*, in 1605. At that time two citizens and a nobleman, who possessed several houses in the Rue St. Denis, opposed the plan, on the ground that it would diminish the value of their property; the *prevost*, however, refused to yield to their arguments, whereupon they excited the populace to rebellion, invaded the place, put several of the masons to death, and drove the remainder away. On learning this, François Miron proceeded to the spot at the head of a large police force, captured the ringleaders, and had them all three strung up by the same rope. Henri IV., on being informed of this exploit, wrote the following letter to the *prevost:* "*Compère,*—I knew you were a man of parts; now I know you are a man of courage; if you want a second, think of me. I embrace you—Henri." From this spot a street will be pierced at right angles to the principal entrance of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, and the Boulevard de Sebastopol, after absorbing the Rue de Tracy and the Passage de la Longue Allée, will finally reach the Boulevard St. Martin, when the splendid Strasburg terminus will become visible from the Place du Châtelet.

HOW THE FRENCH READ.

We think ourselves a reading people, but if correspondents speak truth, the French beat us hollow. A Paris letter says:

"The activity which pervades our publishers at present is really wonderful. All the steam presses are groaning under the weight of cheap editions, which (let me do the French publishers this justice) do not 'begin by ruining the eye-sight,' pernicious as a great many of them may be to the mind and the heart. What do you think of such figures of these, representing the six months' circulation of MM. George Sand, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and de Lamartine—260,000 volumes of George Sand's works, 240,000 of Victor Hugo and de Lamartine's, and 500,000 of Alexandre Dumas's?"

GERMANY.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

An interesting trial has just taken place at Osnabruck. A young peasant, aged eighteen, named Meyer de Ryke, was requested to subscribe to the monument which has been erected to the memory of the late King Ernest Augustus, but refused, saying that "Ernest Augustus did not merit a monument, as he had been compelled to do all he had done;" or, according to another version, "that all he had done, he had done through fear." As expressions of this kind could not form grounds for a penal trial, a civil action was brought for these offensive remarks, and the tribunal of Osnabruck condemned the young man to 100 thalers damages and costs.

HUNGARY.

CAPTURE OF A BANDIT.

The following was the manner in which the famous Hungarian brigand, Rossa Sandor, who, for the last fifteen years, had been the terror of the country, was lately arrested. He had gone to one of his friends, to arrange for the purchase of a horse, when the latter, knowing that a price had been set on his head, took an opportunity and cut him down with a hatchet. Although desperately wounded, Sandor still retained strength enough to discharge a pistol at his assailant, who received his death wound. The wife of the latter then rushed on the brigand, and throwing a blanket over his head, held him fast until some neighbors came in and secured him. He was afterward transferred to the fortress. Sandor is a man of Herculean stature, and although wounded and loaded with chains, his looks appeared to strike terror in the minds of those who had collected at the news of his capture.

SPAIN.

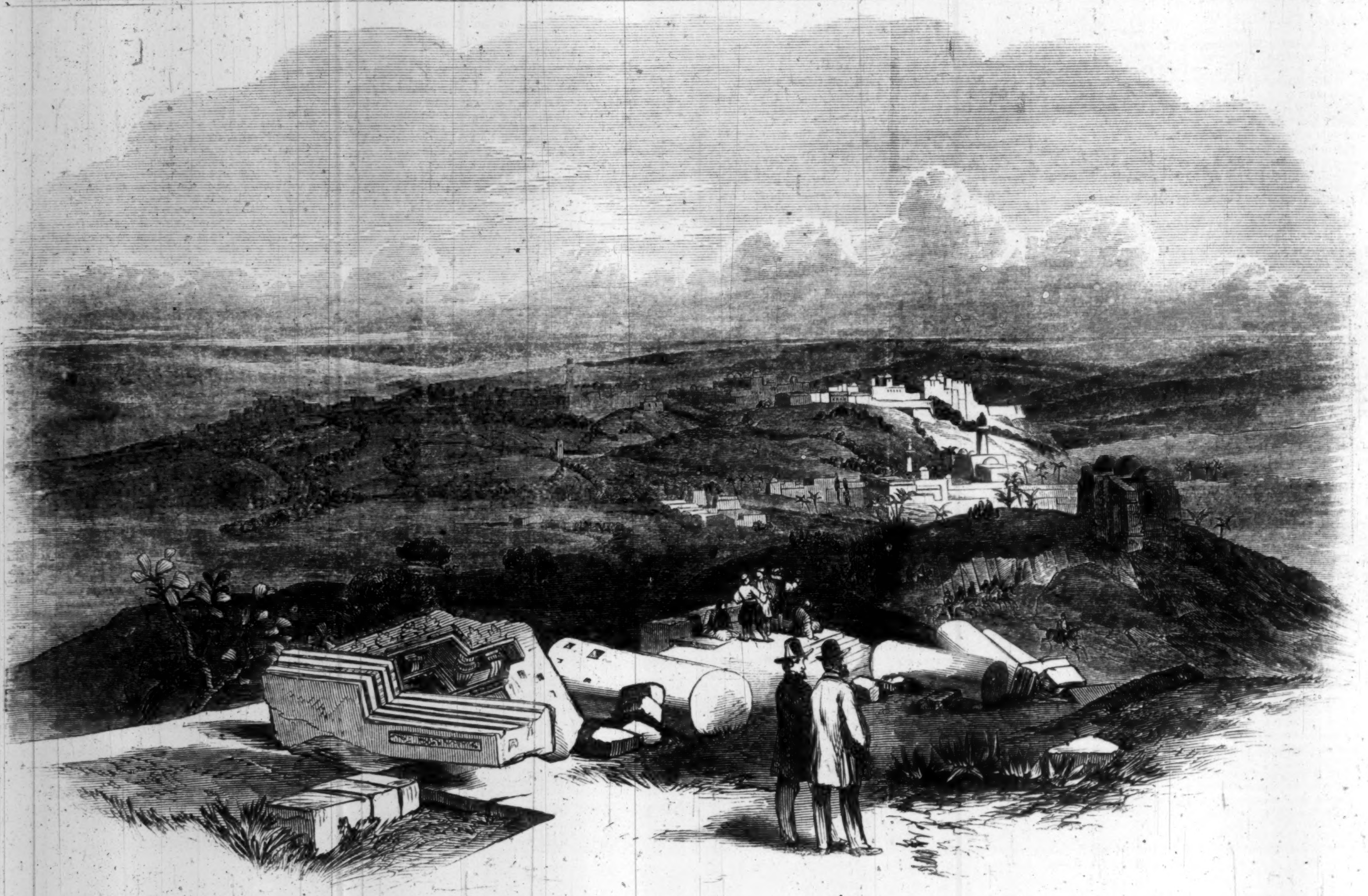
A NAIL OF THE TRUE CROSS.

A Spanish paper says: "Yesterday, at five in the afternoon, took place in the Royal apartments the ceremony of placing the nail possessed by the Chapel Royal—one of those which suspended Jesus Christ—in the magnificent and unequaled reliquary that Her Majesty the Queen has had constructed to replace that which was stolen when, on the 27th of May of last year, the most holy nail disappeared. The ceremony commenced by the benediction of the reliquary by the Patriarch of the Indies. The reliquary being afterward placed in the oratory of the same Royal habitation, the Patriarch returned to the chapel, and, with all the clergy and music of the same, conducted the holy nail in procession to the Royal apartment, where their Majesties, with her Royal Highness the Princess of the Asturias and the Infanta Dona Christiana, were waiting upon their knees with the chief officers of the Palace, etc. The music played the prayers which the Church possesses even for such unusual cases as this, and, the procession having reached the Royal chamber, the holy nail was placed in the new reliquary, and the officiating divine offered for adoration this inestimable instrument of our redemption, their Majesties adoring it first. Many persons of those present in the chapel also adored it, and it was subsequently deposited in the sacred place where it is to be preserved, for the greater honor and glory of God."

ITALY.

THE POPE ON HIS TRAVELS.

Pio Nono is making the tour of his dominions. At Spoleto the officious zeal of the archbishop, Monsignor Arnaldi, was near proving extremely inconvenient to the Pope. That prelate had prepared his own equipage for his Holiness's use in the town, but the carriage was so antiquated that the Pope had no sooner set his foot upon the step than that necessary appendage gave way, and poor Pio Nono would have fallen with his face on the floor of the vehicle had he not saved himself with his hands. As it was, he displayed his amiable disposition by good-humoredly going round to the other side of the carriage, where he found the step in rather better condition. The Pope's liberality was abundantly experienced by the poor of his quondam diocese, and amusing anecdotes are related of his friendly recognition of former acquaintances, among whom a country curate of very small means, to whom Pio Nono presented forty scudi, telling him jocularly at the same time that he well recollected having tasted some famous coffee in his house, which coffee, he assured his courtiers, the curate had made in the same recipient he used for his broth, to the said curate's very great confusion.



MODERN GAZA.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Crossing the Desert.—Approach to Gaza.—Gaza.—An Incipient Row.—The Pasha and Coffee.—Sea-shore at Askelon.—Ashdod.—Ramleh.—Lydda, the City of St. George.—Plain of Sharon.—Joppa.—House of Simon the Tanner.—American Travelers.

"Ho, ho, Ismael, prince of the faithless!"

"Ismael is the slave of the Howajji."

"Bring coffee."

There is a grandeur even in the way one orders his breakfast on the hills that border the desert south of the Holy Land. It would be impossible to see the round sun come up in all his glory on the scene, and wake to say, in common, homely phrase, "My breakfast, Ismael." Not even one's breakfast seems his own property, so that he can apply to it the word *my*. On the contrary, coffee and bread alike are the gifts of God, and, like the hills, and the sky, and the round sun, belong alone to Him. All pride of person, all claim of personal honor and importance, sinks into the insignificance of sand grains, and we eat our morning allowance thankfully.

But cheerfully withal. Yea, with what cheer!

I have twice crossed the desert to the Holy Land. Once from Cairo to Sinai, and thence to Petra and Hebron; and this time from Cairo to El Arish, and thence to Gaza, Askelon, Ramleh, and Jerusalem, where I now write this

The words with which my letter begins were uttered on the plain that lies between Gaza and El Arish. We had camped for the night in a hollow, where I could hear all night long the heavy plunge of the surf on the shore, beating that solemn, steadfast time-beat, that has shaken the desert hills four, five, how many thousand years, as if to say to the sky and stars that patience will have its reward, and some day the barrier will yield and the great sea roll over the sands of Arabia and meet the waves of Ailah.

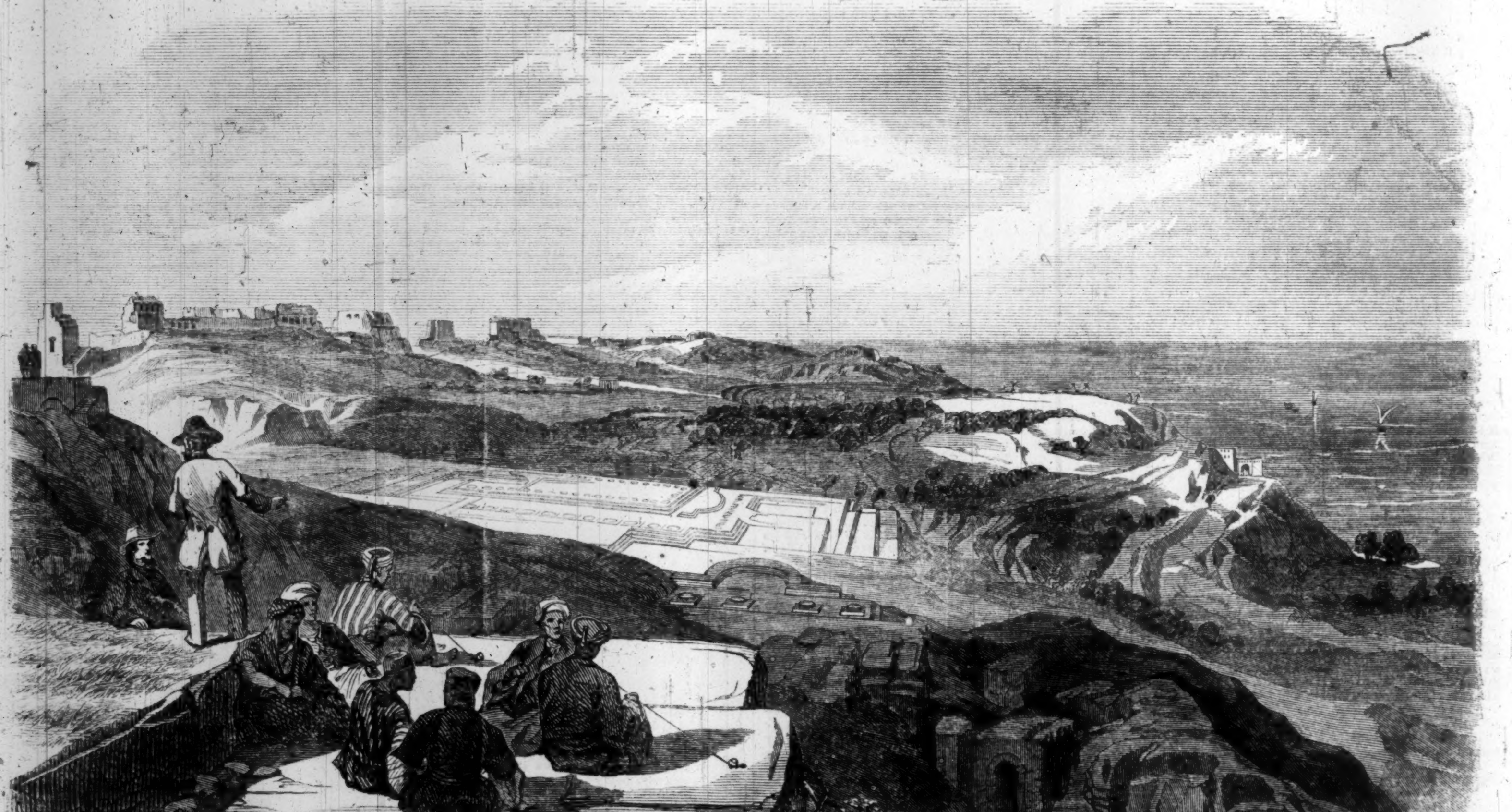
It was the fourteenth day from Cairo. We had loitered—for my object in crossing the Desert had been to enjoy its air, and, if possible, regain the spirit and tone of which long confinement had deprived my mental faculties. I had read Arabic all winter in Cairo, and the first shower of spring rain had come down, bringing my old friend Steenburger, who calls it home in Western Virginia.

His eyes sparkled as he caught me. It was all over in a moment. I was found, and, *nolens volens*, I must go to Jerusalem with him; and *volens* I came.

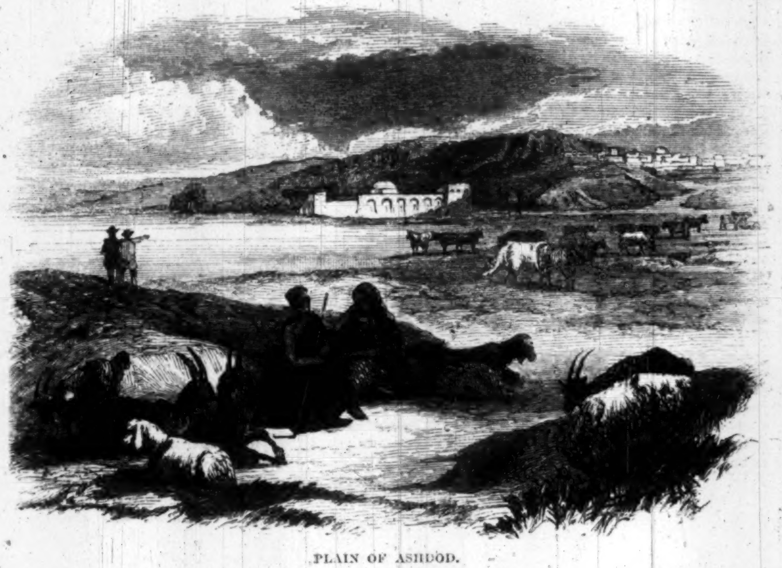
I was describing the morning on the Desert.

It came up like a strong man. There was a glow on the horizon, then a burst of splendor, and the sun rushed up the sky. The long shadows of the sand-hills shrank swiftly into dark spots in hollows, and a rich light—such a light as one thinks he can breathe in—lay on all the desert.

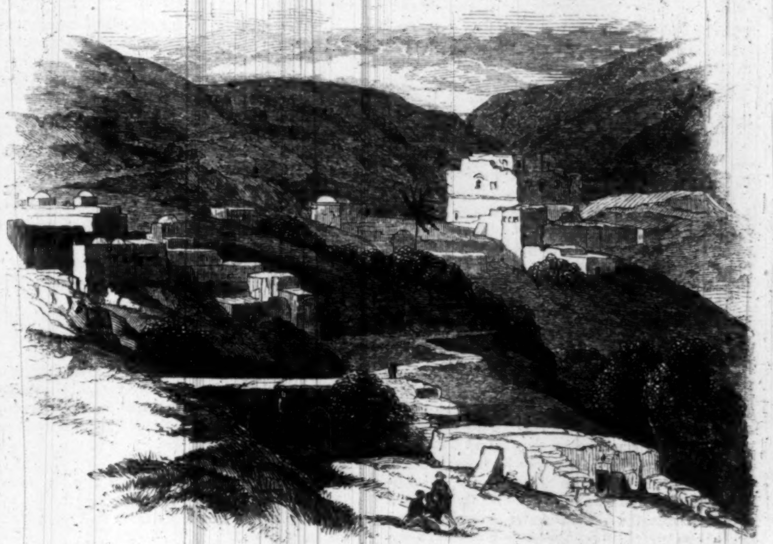
But the desert was now changing to hills, on which occasional olive-trees and groves of the huge prickly-pear indicated the proximity of other and different soil. In point of fact we were passing the line of no rain, and entering the country where



RUINS OF ASKELON.



PLAIN OF ASHDOD.



LUDD (ANCIENT LYDDA).

occasional showers insured a certain though feeble vegetation.

I mounted at seven o'clock, and dashed off over the hills to the sea-shore, for a bath in the surf; which had, I rejoined the caravan at a point three miles from the camp-ground on the road to Jaffa.

It is not my design, nor do I suppose it to be your wish, that I should in these letters—which I propose to write from time to time for *Harper's Weekly*—minutely describe my passage from place to place, or all that I see as I go along. It is enough for my purpose if I succeed in giving you an idea of the manner in which Americans travel in the Holy Land, and make you sharer of some of my own emotions at the sight of those places which are deeply interesting, both as the localities of events that are familiar to every Christian child, and as the existing evidences, and terrible evidences too, of the fulfillment of God's prophecies by his servants of old.

I have already said that I was now visiting Holy Land for the second time. But I had no less of enthusiasm as I approached it. It was the same sacred soil, they were the same holy hills, the same trees, rocks, and flowers, which I had seen a hundred times before in dreams, and wherefore should I be less excited because I had seen them once in reality?

But the land of the Philistines I had not seen. I was now approaching Gaza, and I had a special interest here, because it was a country that I knew little of, either by books or by the Bible accounts; for though often mentioned, it is never described; nor had I connected with it any definite idea other than that of a dark night, and a giant form striding up the hills on the east of the city, bearing on his shoulders the rent gates of the city.

The mighty are fallen. Sampson is dust. The temple that he threw down with the last struggle of his mighty soul is crumbled to ruin, and flowers grow and bees seek honey in the dust that was stronger than the lion of his own fable.

The sun was setting in the Mediterranean as we approached the modern city of Gaza. Steenburger rode on in advance to select a spot for the tents, and I followed leisurely with the baggage. Our train was very simple. Three horses bore the Howajjis and their servant or dragoman, and a file of camels, six in all, carried the tents and baggage, while a dozen Bedouins hung on as accessories to the party, hoping for a share in the plunder which would ensue on our payment of the stipulated price to our guides and guards under the walls of Gaza.

The Mussulmans lay dead and sleeping all around us, for Steenburger found the tent-ground this time among graves.

It was a curious place to sleep. I have no apprehension at home about seeing ghosts, but in a Moslem cemetery I never believe the dead can lie quietly, and I looked to see them walking all night long. So positive was I that I should see a ghost, that when the Sheikh Selim lifted the tent-curtain in the morning twilight, and put his skeleton hand and thin, gaunt countenance into the opening, I sprang at him, to his total rout and overthrow, for he thought he had intruded, and leaped back to avoid an expected blow, whereat he stumbled over the cook who was on his hands and knees blowing at his breakfast fire, and Selim, the cook, and the breakfast, made a mass of ruin on the ground that remotely resembled the ruin of Gaza.

So soon as my cook had recovered his equanimity after this inglorious overthrow sufficiently to concoct his usual preparation of coffee and accompaniments—for here, by the walls of a ruined city of the Philistines, I had none of the compunctions that I spoke of on the desert, but would say with a round voice and an air of authority, "Hurry the breakfast, Ismael, you dog; how dare you keep me waiting!"—so soon, I say, as I had finished the coffee and eggs, I betook myself to an examination of Gaza, the city of Philistim, and went into town to find Steenburger, who had gone there long before I was awake; for my Virginia friend was new to Oriental cities, having hitherto seen only Alexandria and Cairo.

"The king shall perish from Gaza, and Askelon shall not be inhabited!"

"Woe unto the inhabitants of the sea-coast, the nation of the Cherethites! the word of the Lord is against you; O Canaan, the land of the Philistines, I will even destroy thee, that there shall be no inhabitant!"

"Gaza shall be forsaken!"

These and other terrible denunciations were before me as I walked into the narrow, vile, and filthy lanes of the modern city of the Philistines. A little trade, done with the Egyptian and Damascus caravans, some shops for the peddling of small wares, alone represent the commercial importance of a city once a proud mart of Mediterranean commerce.

Half a mile away the hoarse surf thunders a mocking triumph over the decay of its grandeur, the stillness of its port, the wreck of its harbor, the absence of its merchants. I have heard the sea thunder on shore after the wreck of a gallant ship, and thought its voice solemn and full of meaning. But what solemnity had the waves as they fell heavily on the shore of that lonesome and deserted port, once so crowded with galleys, and so thronged with princes and merchants!

There may be three, five, or seven thousand inhabitants in the modern city. The ruins of the ancient lie ingulfed around it, and broken columns and pieces of capitals, and architraves and friezes, are adapted to the vilest uses. The mosques of the city are built chiefly of the stone of old ruins, and the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer within walls whose stones have resounded to the praises of Dagon. Gaza was doubtless a very ancient city. It is mentioned in Genesis as if contemporaneous with Sodom and Gomorrah; so that it is not to be doubted that it was one of the earliest cities of Palestine. Indeed it is not generally remembered that *Palestine* is a name derived from the *Philistines*, who, as a nation, once possessed the chief part of it.

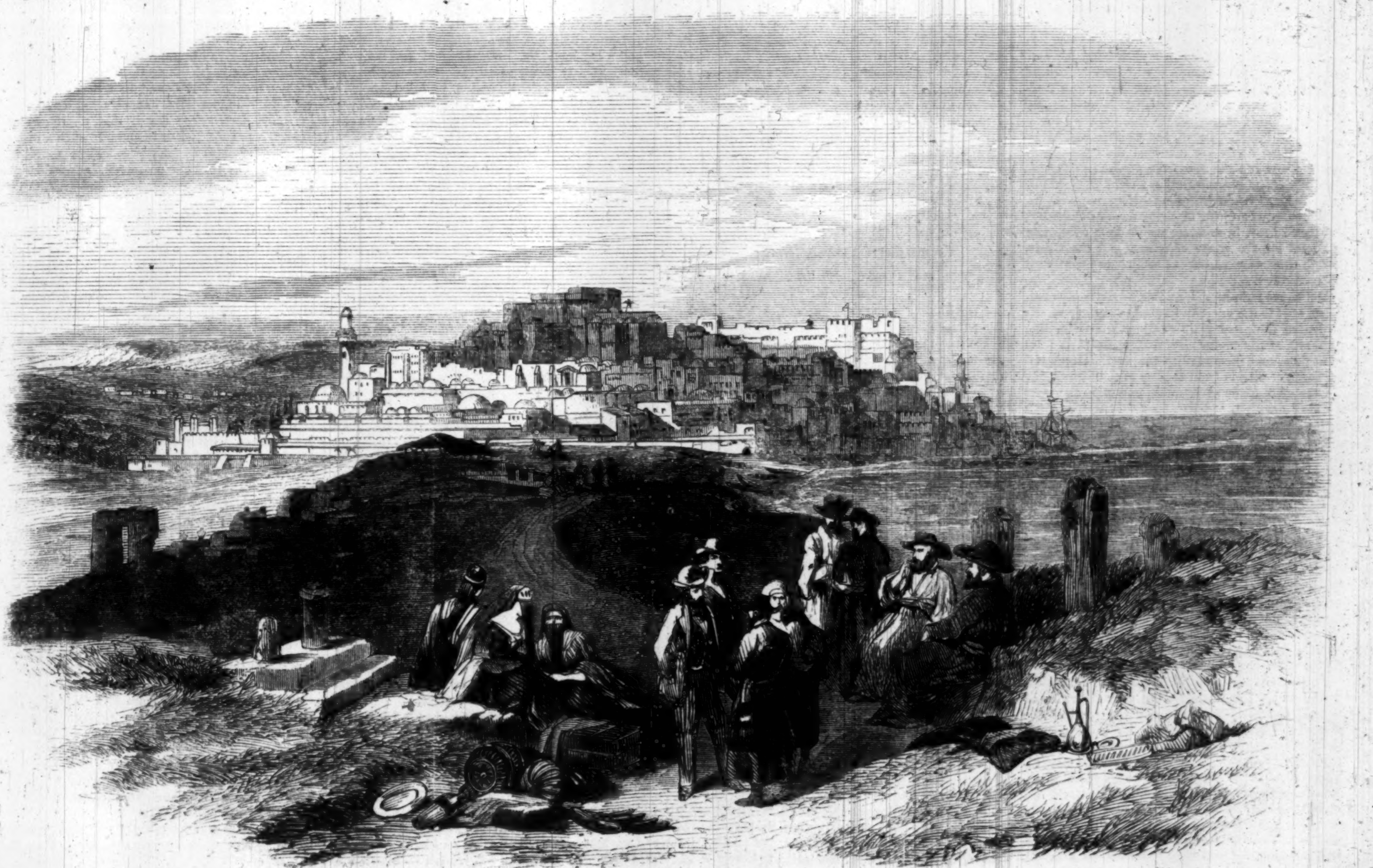
But it can not be necessary that I should remind an intelligent reader of the history of this city. There will be no one who will not connect it instantly with the history of Sampson and his death in the Temple of Dagon. Later than those days, it was important as the southern barrier of the Holy Land. Every conqueror who marched from the North into Egypt paused at Gaza. It is in the highway of the armies of old days. Cambyses took it. Alexander fought five months before its walls. Army after army perished on this soil, from which luxuriant olives now grow fat and rich from the soil that has been in every successive century made red with human blood.

I found Steenburger in the bazar, surrounded by fifty half naked citizens of Gaza, who stared in astonishment at the marvelous height and breadth of shoulder of my friend, who was endeavoring to make himself understood by a merchant of whom he wished to purchase oranges.

One solitary word of Arabic was his total stock in trade. That was *Bekam;* which, being interpreted, signifies "How much?" It is all well enough in the matter of asking a question; but when it comes to the answer, it is necessary to understand a few numbers. But *arba* and *óuahed* were all one to him, nor could he tell four from forty; so he was trying it on his fingers. But an Arab can not interpret by signs intelligible to any other nationality; and by the time I arrived it was very evident, from the boisterous insults of the natives, that the king had long ago perished from Gaza in obedience to the prophecy.

But the Pasha of Moslemism has, for the time, succeeded the king, and fortunately came up the street as I came down, just in time to rescue the Howajjis from the mob, one of whom he had seized by the throat and was holding at arm's length as Suleiman Effendi and I rushed to his rescue.

John dropped the Arab, who fell on the ground



JAFFA (ANCIENT JOPPA).

and sneaked between his legs back into the crowd, while he and the Governor and I faced each other in silence. The latter, that is I, bowed profoundly to the representative of the decayed royalty of Gaza, and the representative bowed to the ground, with his hand on breast, chin, and forehead, in approved Oriental style, to signify the depth of his degradation.

The "Salaam Aleikoum"—"Peace be with you"—is forbidden to Christian lips. But *Marhaba*, *Sebulkeer*, and other expressions abound, and we rattled a short volley of these on each side, alternating with bows and suppressed grunts of profound respect and admiration, while John maintained a discreet silence.

This over, the governor backed up to a shop front, gathered up himself and his robes on it, and motioned us to a seat on the opposite side of the narrow street. We took possession of two of the little shelves which the courtesy of travelers must be excused for calling shops, and then came pipes and coffee. Mohammed only knows where coffee comes from in such cases. One would suppose a pasha carried a small coffee-shop round with him. No matter where he is, or where he meets you, in the street, in the desert, on the mountain, down he sits, and you sit down, and forthwith the tiny cup of coffee, aromatic, glorious coffee, comes smoking hot to burn your lips and soothe your natural nervousness at the illustrious presence in which you find yourself.

I shall not pause to tell you of our talk. I have said thus much only to give you the contrast between Gaza of ancient days and Gaza now.

Such as it was we left it the next morning with a new cavalcade, made up of horses and mules hired at this place to replace our camels with which we had crossed the desert, and which we dismissed here.

The journey now commenced on holy soil. Had I space to relate the hourly incidents of this advance, I can not doubt that every line I should write would possess interest, however unskillful the writer.

In the cool of the morning we were away from Gaza, and that same day rode down the wady Zim Zim to the sea-shore at Askelon.

I need not tell the reader who knows any thing about his map that Askelon is on the sea-coast, a little to the northward of Gaza. It was once a fine city, and the ruins of its wharves, and piers, and breakwater lying in the sea attest its former splendor. It is but a miserable village now, destitute of commerce, trade, wealth, almost of a name.

There is a fine plateau at Askelon, which was uncovered by Ibrahim Pasha for the purpose of erecting some military buildings. He exposed the floor of a ruined temple, which is one of the most splendid relics of ancient grandeur in the East. And besides this there was found the plan of a Christian church, of which the bases of the columns remained; for in this city, after the defeat of the Saracens by Godfrey, there were built churches and shrines, which have gone to dust like their pagan predecessors.

We dined at Askelon on the shore of the sea. Our tents were pitched among the ruins of the ancient city, and our wine was cooled in the hollow of a lordly capital, into which the crisp foam dashed at every fifth wave. We slept to the sound of the surf, and rode next morning by way of Ashdod to Ramleh.

Ashdod was the city to which the Ark was carried when taken by the Philistines, and which suffered so terribly the curses of an offended God for this sacrilege.

I confess that at Askelon and Ashdod my own memory was more occupied with the stories of gallant deeds done by the Crusaders under Godfrey, and later under Richard, on these hills and in these valleys, than with the story of the ancient enemies of Israel. In all the world's history no more gallant deeds are recorded than were done for the Cross and the Sepulchre on the fields of ancient Philistine glory. And as I slept at nights on these fields, I could bring up before me with little difficulty the forms of those days of Chivalry, and could hear, in dreams, voices that were clear and loud for the cause of Christ and the Cross, though they were voices out of lips that were dust under my feet.

And so we rode into Ramleh, the city which tradition says is the ancient Ramah, standing on the borders of the great plain of Sharon, and looking eastward to the mountains that separate it from Jerusalem, and westward to the sea. The Mediterranean is visible from the top of the Tower.

I rested a night at Ramleh, and rode the next morning across the plain about four miles to the modern Ludd, which is the site of ancient Lydda.

The ruins of the ancient city are imposing, especially those of the vast church of St. George. For here that great saint was born, and I know not but it was here that he conquered the dragon. The Bishopric of St. George at Lydda was one of the most powerful of the sees of the Christian Church. In Scripture history it is celebrated as the scene of Peter's miracle of the healing of Eneas (Acts ix. 32). I was here in the gray of the morning, and saw the sun come up over the hills of Ephraim, while I meditated on a temporary change of my route.

Steenburger was peaceably disposed. I had come to Holy Land only on his account, and he submitted to my whims with good grace.

It had been my intention to go up to Jerusalem from Ludd. But while resting near the ruins of the old church, I was suddenly reminded of the fact that I should miss seeing Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and probably might not bring it within my route of travel at all unless I should now diverge some ten or fifteen miles to go down there. I had no fixed plan of travel. It mattered nothing to either of us where we should be on the morrow. The baggage mules were in the rear, and we had but to leave an order for them to change their course, and this done, we went off at a gallop, crossing the lower end of the plain of Sharon, and at length, two hours and a half from Lydda, entered the most luxuriant groves of oranges and prickly pear, from among which we emerged suddenly at the gateway of the city of Joppa.

I scarcely think that in any of its ancient days Joppa presented a more stately and commanding appearance, on land or sea, than now. But this is all external. The city occupies an elevated knoll, or promontory, on the sea-coast, and is surrounded by a wall of Saracen times, which looks gray, venerable, and strong. The great gateway on the land side admits the stranger to a crowded bazar, and then he finds that he is in the filthiest of sea-coast towns, crowded with Arabs and fleas.

I ordered the tents pitched outside the town, while I went down to the American consul's office to inquire for news from America.

To my exceeding delight I heard that a party of American travelers had arrived, on their way to Jerusalem, who would doubtless be able to give me intelligence up to the 1st of March; but failing to see them immediately, I strolled around the streets of the city, seeking what I might find, and devouring, as I walked, some of the noble Jaffa oranges. I need not say that my inspection of the city was brief and unsatisfactory.

Three years had passed since I saw the shores of America dim on the Western horizon. Can you imagine how I wished to see faces that were lately from thereaway?

Jaffa is what I have briefly described. Joppa was a city of the Philistines, celebrated chiefly, in ancient days, as the port of Jerusalem to which Solomon brought his timber from Tyre. Jonah sailed from this port when seeking to escape the duty assigned him; and it is not far from here that they show the identical place where the whale threw him out on the sand.

Later than this Joppa became a point of interest in Christian history. Peter here performed the miracle of raising Dorcas to life; and here, on the house-top of Simon the tanner, he saw the sublime vision which declared that all distinctions between Jew and Gentile were forever swept away.

I found the House of Simon, so called, in the heart of the city—a little, square, stone building, with an open roof looking out on the sea. Let who will believe it the veritable house of the tanner. Half-naked Arab children lay on the sunny pavements of the court, both common and unclean in appearance, and an atmosphere of filth was around the house. The streets were deep with mud. Every thing was melancholy, as every thing always is in an Oriental city. I walked out to the tent slowly and sorrowfully.

Here a surprise awaited me. The fresh, clean white tents of the American travelers were now pitched by the side of my dingy, weather-stained canvas; and as I left the gate of the city and approached the group, I saw Steenburger standing at the doorway of one of the tents, and in a moment I knew, by the swaying of his tall form, that some fair specimen of American humanity was within. I glanced down at my garments, but it mattered little how one was dressed there; and I had come from the very place of Peter's lesson not to call every thing unclean that did not suit his notions.

I wish this letter had space wherein to relate the beauty of the young girl who lay on a carpet in the tent, looking out on the sea, and up at the tall form and noble face of my friend, John Steenburger. She, with her father and mother and cousin, are at the hotel in Jerusalem now. I shall have occasion to mention them again as I continue to write these letters.

This is already too long. I trust it will reach you safely. The postal arrangements from Jerusalem are indifferent. Perhaps it may travel to Alexandria, and perhaps to Constantinople; I can not trace its wanderings. Enough to know that I now close it in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; for my dusky tent is pitched just outside the walls of Gethsemane, and a moon that is as serene as a dream of heaven looks down out of a blue sky on the domes and minarets of Jerusalem. Peace be with you, as it is with me!

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH. WAITING AND HOPING.

THE week of expectation passed, and no tidings from Uncle Joseph reached Porthgenna Tower.

On the eighth day, Mr. Frankland sent a messenger to Truro, with orders to find out the cabinet-maker's shop kept by Mr. Buschmann, and to inquire of the person left in charge there whether he had received any news from his master. The messenger returned in the afternoon, and brought word that Mr. Buschmann had written one short note to his shopman since his departure, announcing that he had arrived safely toward nightfall in London; that he had met with a hospitable welcome from his countryman, the German baker; that he had discovered his niece's address by an accident which saved him all trouble in finding it out; and that he intended to go and see her at an early hour the next morning. Since the delivery of that note, no further communication had been received from him, and nothing therefore was known of the period at which he might be expected to return.

The one fragment of intelligence thus obtained was not of a nature to relieve the depression of spirits which the doubt and suspense of the past week had produced in Mrs. Frankland. Her husband endeavored to combat the oppression of mind from which she was suffering, by reminding her that the ominous silence of Uncle Joseph might be just as probably occasioned by his niece's unwillingness as by her inability to return with him to Truro. Taking into consideration her excessive sensitiveness and her unreasoning timidity, he declared it to be quite possible that Mrs. Frankland's message, instead of reassuring her, might only inspire her with fresh apprehensions, and might consequently strengthen her resolution to keep herself out of reach of all communications from Porthgenna Tower. Rosamond listened patiently while this view of the case was placed before her, and acknowledged that the reasonableness of it was beyond dispute; but her readiness in admitting that her husband might be right and that she might be wrong, was accompanied by no change for the better in the condition of her spirits. The interpretation which the old man had placed upon the alteration for the worse in Mrs. Jazeph's handwriting, had produced a vivid impression on her mind, which had been strengthened by her own recollection of her mother's pale, worn face, when they met as strangers at West Winston. Reason, therefore, as convincingly as he might, Mr. Frankland was unable to shake his wife's conviction that Uncle Joseph's silence was caused solely by the illness of his niece.

The return of the messenger from Truro suspended any further discussion on this topic by leading Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to occupy themselves in considering a question of much greater importance. After having waited one day beyond the week that had been appointed, what was the proper course of action for them now to adopt, in the absence of any information from London or from Truro to decide their future proceedings?

Leonard's first idea was to write immediately to Uncle Joseph, at the address which he had given on the occasion of his visit to Porthgenna Tower. When this project was communicated to Rosamond, she opposed it on the ground that the necessary delay before the answer to the letter could arrive would involve a serious waste of time, when it might, for aught they knew to the contrary, be of the last importance to them not to risk the loss of a single day. If illness prevented Mrs. Jazeph from traveling, it would be necessary to see her at once, because that illness might increase. If she were only suspicious of their motives, it was equally important to open personal communications with her before she could find an opportunity of concealing herself again in some place of refuge which Uncle Joseph himself might not be able to trace.

The truth of these conclusions was obvious, but Leonard hesitated to adopt them, because they involved the necessity of a journey to London. If he went there without his wife, his blindness placed him at the mercy of strangers and servants, in conducting investigations of the most delicate and most private nature. If Rosamond accompanied him, it would be necessary to risk all kinds of delays and inconveniences by taking the child with them on a long and wearisome journey of more than two hundred and fifty miles.

Rosamond met both these difficulties with her usual directness and decision. The idea of her husband traveling any where under any circumstances, in his helpless, dependent state, without having her to attend on him, she dismissed at once as too preposterous for consideration. The second objection of subjecting the child to the chances and fatigues of a long journey, she met by proposing that they should travel to Exeter at their own time and in their own conveyance, and that they should afterward insure plenty of comfort and plenty of room by taking a carriage to themselves, when they reached the railroad at Exeter. After thus smoothing away the difficulties which seemed to set themselves in opposition to the journey, she again reverted to the absolute necessity of undertaking it. She reminded Leonard of the serious interest that they both had in immediately obtaining Mrs. Jazeph's testimony to the genuineness of the letter which had been found in the Myrtle Room, as well as in ascertaining all the details of the extraordinary fraud which had been practiced by Mrs. Treverton on her husband. She pleaded also her own natural anxiety to make all the atonement in her power for the pain she must have unconsciously inflicted, in the bedroom at West Winston, on the person of all others whose failings and sorrows she was most bound to respect: and having thus stated the motives which urged her husband and herself to lose no time in communicating personally with Mrs. Jazeph, she again drew the inevitable conclusion, that there was no alternative, in the position in which they were now placed, but to start forthwith on the journey to London.

A little further consideration satisfied Leonard that the emergency was of such a nature as to render all attempts to meet it by half measures impossible. He felt that his own convictions agreed with his wife's; and he resolved accordingly to act at once, without further indecision or further delay. Before the evening was over, the servants at Porthgenna were amazed by receiving directions to pack the trunks for traveling, and to order horses at the post-town for an early hour the next morning.

On the first day of the journey, the travelers started as soon as the carriage was ready, rested on the road toward noon, and remained for the night at Liskeard. On the second day they arrived at Exeter, and slept there. On the third day they reached London, by the railway, between six and seven o'clock in the evening.

When they were comfortably settled for the night at their hotel, and when an hour's rest and quiet had enabled them to recover a little after the fatigues of the journey, Rosamond wrote two notes under her husband's direction. The first was addressed to Mr. Buschmann: it simply informed him of their arrival, and of their earnest desire to see him at the hotel as early as possible the next morning; and it concluded by cautioning him to wait until he had seen them before he announced their presence in London to his niece.

The second note was addressed to the family solicitor, Mr. Nixon—the same gentleman who, more than a year since, had written, at Mrs. Frankland's request, the letter which informed Andrew Treverton of his brother's decease, and of the circumstances under which the captain had died. All that Rosamond now wrote, in her husband's name and her own, to ask of Mr. Nixon, was that he would endeavor to call at their hotel on his way to business the next morning, to give his opinion on a private matter of great importance, which had obliged them to undertake the journey from Porthgenna to London. This note, and the note to Uncle Joseph, were sent to their respective addresses by a messenger, on the evening when they were written.

The first visitor who arrived the next morning was the solicitor—a clear-headed, fluent, polite old gentleman, who had known Captain Treverton and his father before him. He came to the hotel fully expecting to be consulted on some difficulties connected with the Porthgenna estate, which the local agent was perhaps unable to settle, and which might be of too confused and intricate a nature to be easily expressed in writing. When he heard what the emergency really was, and when the letter that had been found in the Myrtle Room was placed in his hands, it is not too much to say that, for the first time in the course of a long life and a varied practice among all sorts and conditions of clients, sheer astonishment utterly paralyzed Mr. Nixon's faculties, and bereft him, for some moments, of the power of uttering a single word.

When, however, Mr. Frankland proceeded from making the disclosure to announcing his resolution to give up the purchase-money of Porthgenna Tower, if the genuineness of the letter could be proved to his own satisfaction, the old lawyer recovered the use of his tongue immediately, and protested against his client's intention with the sincere warmth of a man who thoroughly understood the advantage of being rich, and who knew what it was to gain and to lose a fortune of forty thousand pounds. Leonard listened with patient attention, while Mr. Nixon argued, from his professional point of view, against regarding the letter, taken by itself, as a genuine document, and against accepting Mrs. Jazeph's evidence, taken with it, as decisive on the subject of Mrs. Frankland's real parentage. He expatiated on the improbability of Mrs. Treverton's alleged fraud upon her husband having been committed, without other persons, besides her maid and herself, being in the secret. He declared it to be in accordance with all received experience of human nature, that one or more of those other persons must have spoken of the secret either from malice or from want of caution, and that the consequent exposure of the truth must, in the course of so long a period as twenty-two years, have come to the knowledge of some among the many people in the West of England as well as in London, who knew the Treverton family personally or by reputation. From this objection he passed to another which admitted the possible genuineness of the letter, as a written document, but which pleaded the probability of its having been produced under the influence of some mental delusion on Mrs. Treverton's part, which her maid might have had an interest in humoring at the time, though she might have hesitated, after her mistress's death, at risking the possible consequences of attempting to profit by the imposture. Having stated this theory, as one which not only explained the writing of the letter but the hiding of it also, Mr. Nixon further observed in reference to Mrs. Jazeph, that any evidence she might give was of little or no value, in a legal point of view, from the difficulty—or, he might say, the impossibility—of satisfactorily identifying the infant mentioned in the letter, with the lady whom he had now the honor of addressing as Mrs. Frankland, and whom no unsubstantiated document in existence should induce him to believe to be any other than the daughter of his old friend and client, Captain Treverton.

Having heard the lawyer's objections to the end, Leonard admitted their ingenuity, but acknowledged, at the same time, that they had produced no alteration in his impressions on the subject of the letter, or in his convictions as to the course of duty which he felt bound to follow. He would wait, he said, for Mrs. Jazeph's testimony before he acted decisively; but if that testimony were of such a nature, and were given in such a manner, as to satisfy him that his wife had no moral right to the fortune that she possessed, he would restore it at once to the person who had—Mr. Andrew Treverton.

Finding that no fresh arguments or suggestions could shake Mr. Frankland's resolution, and that no separate appeal to Rosamond had the slightest effect in stimulating her to use her influence for the purpose of inducing her husband to alter his determination; and feeling convinced, moreover, from all that he heard, that Mr. Frankland would, if he was opposed by many more objections, either employ another professional adviser, or risk committing some fatal legal error by acting for himself in the matter of restoring the money, Mr. Nixon at last consented, under protest, to give his client what help he needed in case it became necessary to hold communication with Andrew Treverton. He listened with polite resignation to Leonard's brief statement of the questions that he intended to put to Mrs. Jazeph; and said, with the slightest possible dash of sarcasm, when it came to his turn to speak, that they were excellent questions in a moral point of view, and would doubtless produce answers which would be full of interest of the most romantic kind. "But," he added, "as you have one child already, Mr. Frankland, and as you may, perhaps, if I may venture on suggesting such a thing, have more in the course of years; and as those children, when they grow up, may hear of the loss of their mother's fortune, and may wish to know why it was sacrificed, I should recommend—resting the matter on family grounds alone, and not going further to make a legal point of it also—that you procure from Mrs. Jazeph, besides the *vivâ voce* evidence you propose to extract (against the admissibility of which, in this case, I again protest), a written declaration, which you may leave behind you at your death, and which may justify you in the eyes of your children in case the necessity for such justification should arise at some future period."

This advice was too plainly valuable to be neglected. At Leonard's request, Mr. Nixon drew out at once a form of declaration, affirming the genuineness of the letter addressed by the late Mrs. Treverton, on her death-bed, to her husband, since also deceased, and bearing witness to the truth of the statements therein contained, both as regarded the fraud practiced on Captain Treverton, and the asserted parentage of the child. Telling Mr. Frankland that he would do well to have Mrs. Jazeph's signature to this document attested by the names of two competent witnesses, Mr. Nixon handed the declaration to Rosamond to read aloud to her husband, and, finding that no objection was made to any part of it, and that he could be of no further use in the present early stage of the proceedings, rose to take his leave. Leonard engaged to communicate with him again, in the course of the day, if necessary; and he retired, reiterating his protest to the last, and declaring that he had never met with such an extraordinary case and such a self-willed client before in the whole course of his practice.

Nearly an hour elapsed after the departure of the lawyer before any second visitor was announced. At the expiration of that time, the welcome sound of footsteps was heard approaching the door, and Uncle Joseph entered the room.

Rosamond's observation, stimulated by anxiety, detected a change in his look and manner the moment he appeared. His face was harassed and fatigued, and his gait, as he advanced into the room, had lost the briskness and activity which so quaintly distinguished it when she saw him, for the first time, at Porthgenna Tower. He tried to add to his first words of greeting an apology for being late; but Rosamond interrupted him, in her eagerness to ask the first important question.

"We know that you have discovered her address," she said, anxiously, "but we know nothing more. Is she as you feared to find her? Is she ill?"

The old man shook his head, sadly. "When I showed you her letter," he said, "what did I tell you? She is so ill, madam, that not even the message your kindness gave to me will do her any good."

Those few simple words struck Rosamond's heart with a strange fear, which silenced her against her own will, when she tried to speak again. Uncle Joseph understood the anxious look she fixed on him, and the quick sign she made toward the chair standing nearest to the sofa, on which she and her husband were sitting. There he took his place, and there he confided to them all that he had to tell.

His first question, he said, when he reached the shop of his countryman, the German baker, related to the locality of the post-office to which his niece's letters were addressed; and the answer informed him that it was situated within ten minutes' walk of his friend's house. The conversation that ensued on the subject of his errand in London, and of his hopes and fears in undertaking it, led to more questions and answers, which terminated in the discovery that the baker, among his other customers, supplied the landlady of a lodging-house in the neighborhood with certain light biscuits for which his shop was famous. The biscuits were purchased for the use of an invalid lady who was staying in the house; and the landlady, on one of the many occasions when she came to the shop and gossiped about her own affairs, expressed her surprise that a person so evidently respectable and so punctual in all her payments as the sick lodger, should be lying ill without a friend to come and see her, and should be living under the name of "Mrs. James," when the name marked on her linen was "S. Jazeph." Upon arriving at this extraordinary result of a conversation which had started from the simplest possible beginning, the old man had taken down the address of the lodging-house immediately and had gone there at an early hour the next morning.

He had been saddened, over night, by the confirmation of his fears on his niece's account, and he was startled when he saw her in the morning, by the violent nervous agitation which she manifested as he approached her bedside. But he had not lost heart and hope until he had communicated Mrs. Frankland's message, and had found that it failed altogether in producing the reassuring effect on her spirits which he had trusted and believed that it would exercise. Instead of soothing, it seemed to excite and alarm her afresh. Among a host of minute inquiries about Mrs. Frankland's looks, about her manner toward him, about the exact words she had spoken, all of which he was able to answer more or less to her satisfaction, she had addressed two questions to him, to which he was utterly unable to reply. The first of the questions was, Whether Mrs. Frankland had said any thing about the Secret? The second was, Whether she had spoken any chance word to lead to the suspicion that she had found out the situation of the Myrtle Room?

The doctor in attendance had come in, the old man added, while he was still sitting by his niece's bedside, and still trying ineffectually to induce her to accept the friendly and reassuring language of Mrs. Frankland's message, as sufficient answer to the questions which he was unable to meet by any more direct and more convincing form of reply. After making some inquiries and talking a little while on different matters, the doctor had privately taken him aside; had informed him that the pain over the region of the heart and the difficulty in breathing, which were the symptoms of which his niece complained, were more serious in their nature than persons uninstructed in medical matters might be disposed to think; and had begged him to give no more messages from any one, unless he felt perfectly sure beforehand that they would have the effect of clearing her mind, at once and forever, from the secret anxieties that now harassed it—anxieties which he might rest assured were aggravating her malady day by day, and rendering all the medical help that could be given of little or no avail.

Upon this, after sitting longer with his niece and after holding counsel with himself, he had resolved to write privately to Mrs. Frankland that evening, after getting back to his friend's house. The letter had taken him longer to compose than any one accustomed to writing would believe. At last, after delays in making a fair copy from many rough drafts, and delays in leaving his task to attend on his niece, he had completed a letter narrating what had happened since his arrival in London, in language which he hoped might be understood. Judging by comparison of dates, this letter must have crossed Mr. and Mrs. Frankland on the road. It contained nothing more than he had just been relating with his own lips—except that it also communicated, as a proof that distance had not diminished the fear which tormented his niece's mind, the explanation she had given to him of her concealment of her name, and of her choice of an abode among strangers, when she had friends in London to whom she might have gone. That explanation it was perhaps needless to have lengthened the letter by repeating, for it only involved his saying over again, in substance, what he had already said in speaking of the motive which had forced Sarah to part from him at Truro.

With last words such as those, the sad and simple story of the old man came to an end. After waiting a little to recover her self-possession and to steady her voice, Rosamond touched her husband to draw his attention to herself, and whispered to him—

"I may say all, now, that I wished to say at Porthgenna?"

"All," he answered. "If you can trust yourself, Rosamond, it is fittest that he should hear it from your lips."

After the first natural burst of astonishment was over, the effect of the disclosure of the Secret on Uncle Joseph exhibited the most striking contrast that can be imagined to the effect of it on Mr. Nixon. No shadow of doubt darkened the old man's face, not a word of objection dropped from his lips. The one emotion excited in him was simple, unreflecting, unalloyed delight. He sprang to his feet with all his natural activity, his eyes sparkled again with all their natural brightness: one moment he clapped his hands like a child; the next he caught up his hat, and entreated Rosamond to let him lead her at once to his niece's bedside. "If you will only tell Sarah what you have just told me," he cried, hurrying across the room to open the door, "you will give her back her courage, you will raise her up from her bed, you will cure her before the day is out!"

A warning word from Mr. Frankland stopped him on a sudden, and brought him back, silent and attentive, to the chair that he had left the moment before.

"Think a little of what the doctor told you," said Leonard. "The sudden surprise which has made you so happy might do fatal mischief to your niece. Before we take the responsibility of speaking to her on a subject which is sure to agitate her violently, however careful we may be in introducing it, we ought first, I think, for safety's sake, to apply to the doctor for advice."

Rosamond warmly seconded her husband's suggestion, and, with her characteristic impatience of delay, proposed that they should find out the medical man immediately. Uncle Joseph announced—a little unwillingly, as it seemed—in answer to her inquiries, that he knew the place of the doctor's residence, and that he was generally to be found at home before one o'clock in the afternoon. It was then just half-past twelve; and Rosamond, with her husband's approval, rang the bell at once to send for a cab. She was about to leave the room to put on her bonnet, after giving the necessary order, when the old man stopped her by asking, with some appearance of hesitation and confusion, if it was considered necessary that he should go to the doctor with Mr. and Mrs. Frankland; adding, before the question could be answered, that he would greatly prefer, if there was no objection to it on their parts, being left to wait at the hotel to receive any instructions they might wish to give him on their return. Leonard immediately complied with his request, without inquiring into his reasons for making it; but Rosamond's curiosity was aroused, and she asked why he preferred remaining by himself at the hotel to going with them to the doctor.

"I like him not," said the old man. "When he speaks about Sarah, he looks and talks as if he thought she would never get up from her bed again." Answering in those brief words, he walked away uneasily to the window, as if he desired to say no more.

The residence of the doctor was at some little distance, but Mr. and Mrs. Frankland arrived there before one o'clock, and found him at home. He was a young man, with a mild, grave face, and a quiet, subdued manner. Daily contact with suffering and sorrow had perhaps prematurely steadied and saddened his character. Merely introducing her husband and herself to him, as persons who were deeply interested in his patient at the lodging-house, Rosamond left it to Leonard to ask the first questions relating to the condition of her mother's health.

The doctor's answer was ominously prefaced by a few polite words, which were evidently intended to prepare his hearers for a less hopeful report than they might have come there expecting to receive. Carefully divesting the subject of all professional technicalities, he told them that his patient was undoubtedly affected with serious disease of the heart. The exact nature of this disease he candidly acknowledged to be a matter of doubt, which various medical men might decide in various ways. According to the opinion which he had himself formed from the symptoms, he believed that the patient's malady was connected with the artery which conveys blood directly from the heart through the system. Having found her singularly unwilling to answer questions relating to the nature of her past life, he could only guess that the disease was of long standing; that it was originally produced by some great mental shock, followed by long wearing anxiety (of which her face showed palpable traces); and that it had been seriously aggravated by the fatigue of a journey to London, which she acknowledged she had undertaken at a time when great nervous exhaustion rendered her totally unfit to travel. Speaking according to this view of the case, it was his painful duty to tell her friends that any violent emotion would unquestionably put her life in danger. At the same time, if the mental uneasiness from which she was now suffering could be removed, and if she could be placed in a quiet comfortable country home, among people who would be unremittingly careful in keeping her composed, and in suffering her to want for nothing, there was reason to hope that the progress of the disease might be arrested, and that her life might be spared for some years to come.

Rosamond's heart bounded at the picture of the future which her fancy drew from the suggestions that lay hidden in the doctor's last words. "She can command every advantage you have mentioned, and more, if more is required!" she interposed, eagerly, before her husband could speak again. "Oh, Sir, if rest among kind friends is all that her poor, weary heart wants, thank God we can give it!"

"We can give it," said Leonard, continuing the sentence for his wife, "if the doctor will sanction our making a communication to his patient which is of a nature to relieve her of all anxiety, but which, it is necessary to add, she is at present quite unprepared to receive."

"May I ask," said the doctor, "who is to be intrusted with the responsibility of making the communication you mention?"

"There are two persons who could be intrusted with it," answered Leonard. "One is the old man whom you have seen by your patient's bedside; the other is my wife."

"In that case," rejoined the doctor, looking at Rosamond, "there can be no doubt that this lady is the fittest person to undertake the duty." He paused and reflected for a moment, then added, "May I inquire, however, before I venture on guiding your decision one way or the other, whether the lady is as familiarly known to my patient, and is on the same intimate terms with her, as the old man?"

"I am afraid I must answer No to both those questions," replied Leonard. "And I ought, perhaps, to tell you, at the same time, that your patient believes my wife to be now in Cornwall. Her first appearance in the sick room would, I fear, cause great surprise to the sufferer, and possibly some little alarm as well."

"Under those circumstances," said the doctor, "the risk of trusting the old man, simple as he is, seems to be infinitely the least risk of the two—for the plain reason that his presence can cause her no surprise. However unskillfully he may break the news, he will have the great advantage over this lady of not appearing unexpectedly at the bedside. If the hazardous experiment must be tried—and I assume that it must, from what you have said—you have no choice, I think, but to trust it, with proper cautions and instructions, to the old man to carry out."

After arriving at that conclusion, there was no more to be said on either side. The interview terminated, and Rosamond and her husband hastened back to give Uncle Joseph his instructions at the hotel.

As they approached the door of their sitting-room, they were surprised by hearing the sound of music inside. On entering, they found the old man crouched up on a stool, listening to a shabby little musical box which was placed on a table close by him, and which was playing an air that Rosamond recognized immediately as the "Batti, batti" of Mozart.

"I hope you will pardon me for making music to keep myself company while you were away," said Uncle Joseph, starting up in some little confusion, and touching the stop of the box. "This is, if you please, of all my friends and companions the oldest that is left. The divine Mozart, the king of all the composers that ever lived, gave it with his own hand, madam, to my brother, when Max was a boy in the music-school at Vienna. Since my niece left me in Cornwall, I have not had the heart to make Mozart sing to me out of this little bit of box until to-day. Now that you have made me happy about Sarah again, my ears ache once more for the tiny *ting-ting* that has always the same friendly sound to my heart, travel where I may. But enough so," said the old man, placing the box in the leather case by his side, which Rosamond had noticed there when she first saw him at Porthgenna. "I shall put back my singing-bird into his cage, and shall ask, when that is done, if you will be pleased to tell me what it is that the doctor has said?"

Rosamond answered his request by relating the substance of the conversation which had passed between her husband and the doctor. She then, with many preparatory cautions, proceeded to instruct the old man how to disclose the discovery of the Secret to his niece. She told him that the circumstances in connection with it must be first stated, not as events that had really happened, but as events that might be supposed to have happened. She put the words that he would have to speak into his mouth, choosing the fewest and the plainest that would answer the purpose. She showed him how he might glide almost imperceptibly from referring to the discovery as a thing that might be supposed, to referring to it as a thing that had really happened; and she impressed upon him, as most important of all, to keep perpetually before his niece's mind the fact that the discovery of the Secret had not awakened one bitter feeling or one resentful thought toward her in the minds of either of the persons who had been so deeply interested in finding it out.

Uncle Joseph listened with unwavering attention until Rosamond had done, then rose from his seat, fixed his eyes intently on her face, and detected an expression of anxiety and doubt in it which he rightly interpreted as referring to himself.

"May I make you sure, before I go away, that I shall forget nothing?" he asked, very earnestly. "I have no head to invent, it is true, but I have something in me that can remember, and the more especially when it is for Sarah's sake. If you please, listen now, and hear if I can say to you over again all that you have said to me."

Standing before Rosamond, with something in his look and manner strangely and touchingly suggestive of the long past days of his childhood, and of the time when he had said his earliest lessons at his mother's knee, he now repeated, from first to last, the instructions that had been given to him, with a verbal exactness, with an easy readiness of memory, which, in a man of his age, was nothing less than astonishing. "Have I kept it all as I should?" he asked, simply, when he had come to an end. "And may I go my ways now, and take my good news to Sarah's bedside?"

It was still necessary to detain him while Rosamond and her husband consulted together on the best and safest means of following up the avowal that the Secret was discovered by the announcement of their own presence in London. After some consideration, Leonard asked his wife to produce the document which the lawyer had drawn out that morning, and to write a few lines, from his dictation, on the blank side of the paper, requesting Mrs. Jazeph to read the form of declaration, and to affix her signature to it if she felt that it required her, in every particular, to affirm nothing that was not the exact truth. When this had been done, and when the leaf on which Mrs. Frankland had written had been folded outward, so that it might be the first page to catch the eye, Leonard directed that the paper should be given to the old man, and explained to him what he was to do with it, in these words:

"When you have broken the news about the Secret to your niece," he said, "and when you have allowed her full time to compose herself, if she asks questions about my wife and myself (as I believe she will), hand that paper to her for answer, and beg her to read it. Whether she is willing to sign it or not, she is sure to inquire how you came by it. Tell her in return that you have received it from Mrs. Frankland—using the word 'received' so that she may believe at first that it was sent to you from Porthgenna by the post. If you find that she signs the declaration, and that she is not much agitated after doing so, then tell her in the same gradual way in which you tell the truth about the discovery of the Secret, that my wife gave the paper to you with her own hands, and that she is now in London—"

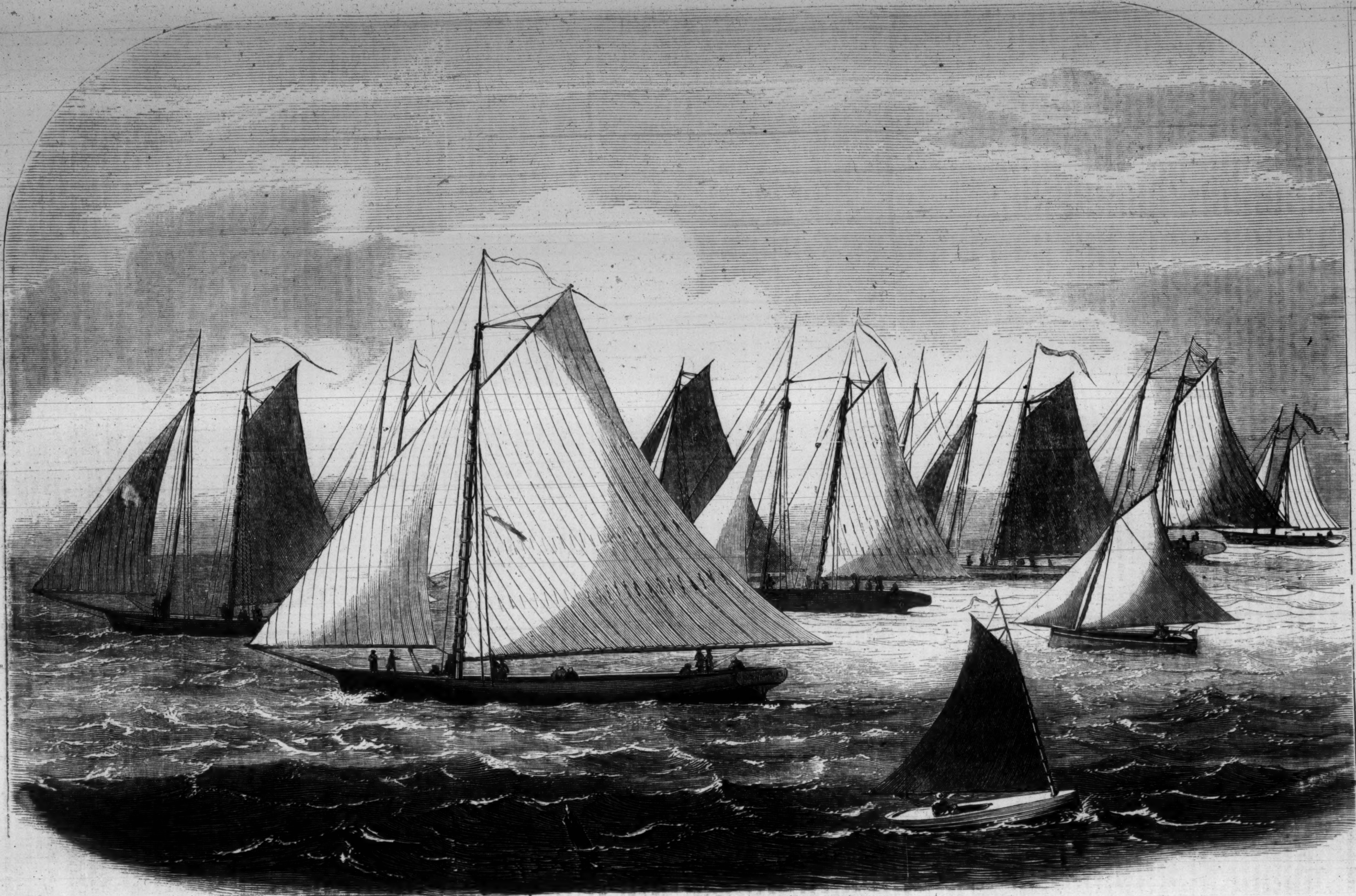
"Waiting and longing to see her," added Rosamond. "You, who forget nothing, will not, I am sure, forget to say that?"

The little compliment to his powers of memory made Uncle Joseph color with pleasure, as if he was a boy again. Promising to prove worthy of the trust reposed in him, and engaging to come back and relieve Mrs. Frankland of all suspense before the day was out, he took his leave, and went forth hopefully on his momentous errand.

Rosamond watched him from the window threading his way in and out among the throng of passengers on the pavement, until he was lost to view. How nimbly the tight little figure sped away out of sight! How gayly the unclouded sunlight poured down on the cheerful bustle in the street! The whole being of the great city basked in the summer glory of the day; all its mighty pulses beat high; and all its myriad voices whispered of hope!

VENERATION FOR A HAIR OF MOHAMMED.

The town of Rori, on the Indus River, is said to possess, as its *greatest treasure*, a hair of the old Arabian prophet Mohammed. A missionary, Rev. A. Matchett, thus writes: "Rori is honored in possessing a hair of Mohammed. I could not withstand the temptation of seeing the imposture. We went through a number of narrow lanes, and at length arrived at a mosque. I was obliged to pull off my boots before I could enter. On gaining admittance, I had to remain at the door of an inner chamber, before which a low wooden platform, surrounded with rails, stood. A man soon came out of the chamber with a cloth, which he spread upon the wooden platform; and he was followed by another with a bundle in his hands. While the second mounted the platform, seated himself, and proceeded to open the bundle, the first produced a brush or fan of peacocks' feathers, with a large silver handle, with which he kept off the flies from the bundle. Cloth after cloth was then opened, until I had counted twelve; then the exhibitor took a cloth, once white and clean, and wrapped it round his hand, after which he removed another cloth, and a small gold box, set with jewels, came to view. The box was about five or six inches long, and three inches broad. On opening it he removed a piece of gold which served as a covering, and then the man with his covered hand took out a little gold box, also set with jewels, of an oblong, tubular shape. Fixed in the end of this was the venerated and mysterious hair, about half an inch long. I was not allowed to touch it, nor to come within two feet of it; but never in my life did I see a hair so much like a pig's bristle. I asked how long they had had it, and they replied shortly 'A long time.' I then inquired, 'How long?' when they said, 'It has been in Rori 400 years.' I then asked what was the color of the hair, and the man said, 'To some it appears black, to some white, and to some red.' To me it seemed a downright hoax; and I should not be surprised if Mir Ali Murad, who presented them with the box, was the descendant of the man who speared the boar from which the hair came. During all the time of the exhibition the Mussulmans kept repeating verses from the Koran, and blessing themselves and the prophet. One man came forward with his beads—the Mussulmans resemble the Papists in more things than one—and they were placed for him on the cloth covering of the box. After receiving them again, he kissed them with fervent devotion, and then allowed a friend the privilege of kissing them also."



REGATTA OF THE YACHT CLUB—THE START.—(JULIA IN THE FOREGROUND.)

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

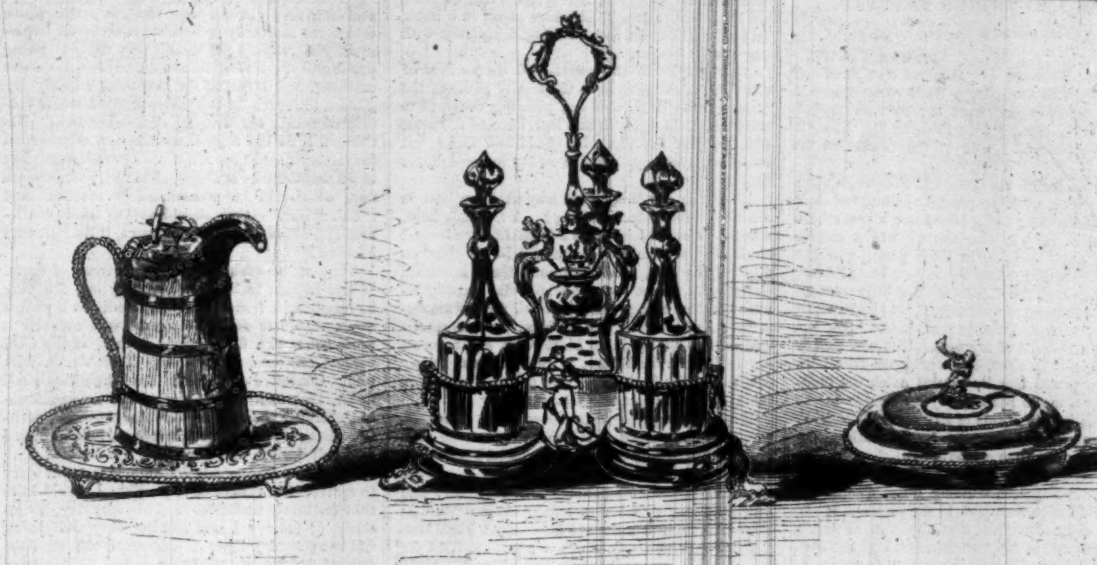
WE have devoted a large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the Yacht Club Regatta, which took place on Thursday, June the 4th. The picture on the opposite page represents the yachts getting under way at Hoboken in obedience to the starting signal; the one below depicts the passage through the Narrows; and in the adjoining cut the reader will see the prizes which have been awarded to the winners in the race.

For the benefit of our country readers we ought to say that the Yacht Club is a private society of gentlemen—some of whom own yachts, while others don't—and that no one can obtain admission to the Club without passing the ordeal of a ballot. Six years ago the fleet consisted of some fifteen vessels; since then, some thirty craft have been added, and the Club now musters about forty-five sail. It must not be supposed that the term "yacht" signifies any particular style of build or rig of vessel; it means a vessel devoted to sailing for amusement—a pleasure-boat. Among the Club yachts there are rather more sloops than schooners, and the size ranges from 200 to 15 tons. The largest vessel which competed on Thursday was the *Favorita* (the loveliest of the squadron, by the way), which is registered as 135 tons. Another anomaly which may strike our country readers, is the apparent disproportion between the tonnage of the vessels and the number of the crew. For instance: the *Julia*, of 83 tons, carries 21 men; the *Favorita*, of 135 tons, 35 men; the *Widgeon*, of 102 tons, 26 men; the *Haze*, of 89 tons, 22 men. At this rate, the crew of a 1000-ton ship should consist of 250 men. But the profuse supply of crew in a yacht is necessary in consequence of the immense size of the canvas, which, in a race, must be raised and lowered with extreme rapidity. For instance:

The Julia,	of 83	tons,	spreads	3307	yards of canvas.
" Haze,	87	"	"	3936	" "
" Widgeon,	102	"	"	3413	" "
" Favorita,	135	"	"	5103	" "

Besides, at yacht races, the crew serve the ignobler use of shifting ballast, being much better adapted for that purpose than chain, boxes, or barrels of stones. While the race lasts, every soul on board must sacrifice his private comfort to the main chance of winning the race; he must sit, lie, or stand where he is ordered, and as long as he is told to remain there, without moving;' and he must be prepared to shift his station at a moment's notice. Doubtless on this account it is that ladies are so seldom invited to be present on board race-yachts during regattas.

We suppose that there is no one who requires to be told that the winner of a yacht race is the craft which sails the fastest. But this rule is not absolutely true of our Yacht Club. The object of the race being less to get over a certain space in the least time than to discover what form of build offers the least resistance to the water, and is susceptible of the greatest velocity of movement with the least propelling power, allowance is made for the amount of canvas spread in estimating the speed of the competing vessels. For instance, in yachts of the 1st class one second was allowed at this regatta for every square yard of canvas; 1¼ second for every square yard in vessels of the second class; and 1½ second in vessels of 3d class. That is to say, the *Haze*, which spreads 3936 yards of canvas, owed nearly nine minutes distance to the *Widgeon*, which only spreads 3413 yards, because the propelling power of the former was estimated to be so much greater than that of the latter. As between sloops and schooners this allowance was based upon nine-tenths of the area of the schooner's sails.



THE REGATTA PRIZES.

With this preface we may at once proceed to say that at 11 A.M. on the 4th, twenty sail were drawn up in race order before the Club House at Hoboken—the other vessels of the squadron being either absent or unfit to compete at the present time. The third-class yachts were 200 yards in advance of the second class, and the second class 200 yards in advance of the first class. The day was beautiful, with a fresh though not a violent breeze; the bay was studded with boats of all kinds. At the hour fixed the signal gun was fired, and the third-class yachts leaped into their canvas shrouds, up anchors, and away. The larger craft followed with equal alacrity; and in but little longer space than the reader will occupy in reading these lines the whole fleet was under way. Our artist has chosen the moment when the sails were set and the fleet was under motion as the subject of his first illustration.

Aided by the light breeze the smaller craft almost crept out of sight before the first-class yachts began to feel the wind. Nor did they lose their vantage ground on the sail down the bay; a few of the worst managed boats and the worst sailers dropped away, but the first craft to pass the Staten Island stake-boat was the liliputian *Lucky*, the smallest of the squadron. The order of passing this point was as follows:

Sloop	Lucky	15 tons	3d class.
"	Una	67 "	2d "
"	Minnie	59 "	2d "
Sloop	Irene	57 "	2d class.
"	Rowena	40 "	2d "
"	Madgie	89 "	2d "
"	Julia	83 "	1st "
Sch'r	Haze	87 "	1st "
"	Favorita	138 "	1st "

The race then tacked over to the Long Island shore, to pass the second flag-boat; and in this stage the *Una* gained slightly on the *Lucky*, and the *Julia* increased the distance between the *Haze* and herself. The hopes of her friends now rose high, as it was known that her bottom would tell against the smaller craft on the return trip. On passing the second stake-boat, the order was as follows: *Lucky*, *Una*, *Minnie*, *Julia* (the *Irene*, *Rowena*, and *Madgie* having dropped astern), *Haze*, *Favorita*, and *Sylvie*. The *Widgeon*, seemingly by bad seamanship, had drifted to leeward so far as to be obliged to tack, and was almost counted out of the race at this moment.

The whole fleet then dashed through the Narrows. The scene, as the beautiful little craft passed Fort Hamilton, was indescribably fascinating; we are not surprised that our artist should have selected it as the subject of his last picture. He estimated the number of sailing craft in the fleet at two hundred, the bulk being pilot-boats and small boats, airing themselves in good company.

Just before reaching the southwest spit, the *Julia*—to the amazement of every one—allowed the *Haze* to walk past her. The crush at rounding the buoy was tremendous; the *Haze* and *Minnie* grazed each other, and the *Sylvie* ran foul of the buoy. The order in which they rounded was as follows: *Una* (the *Lucky* had somehow dropped astern in the long run), *Richmond*, *Edgar*, *Haze*, *Minnie*, *Julia*, *Favorita*, *Sylvie*, *Irene*, *Island Fawn*, *Lucky*, etc.

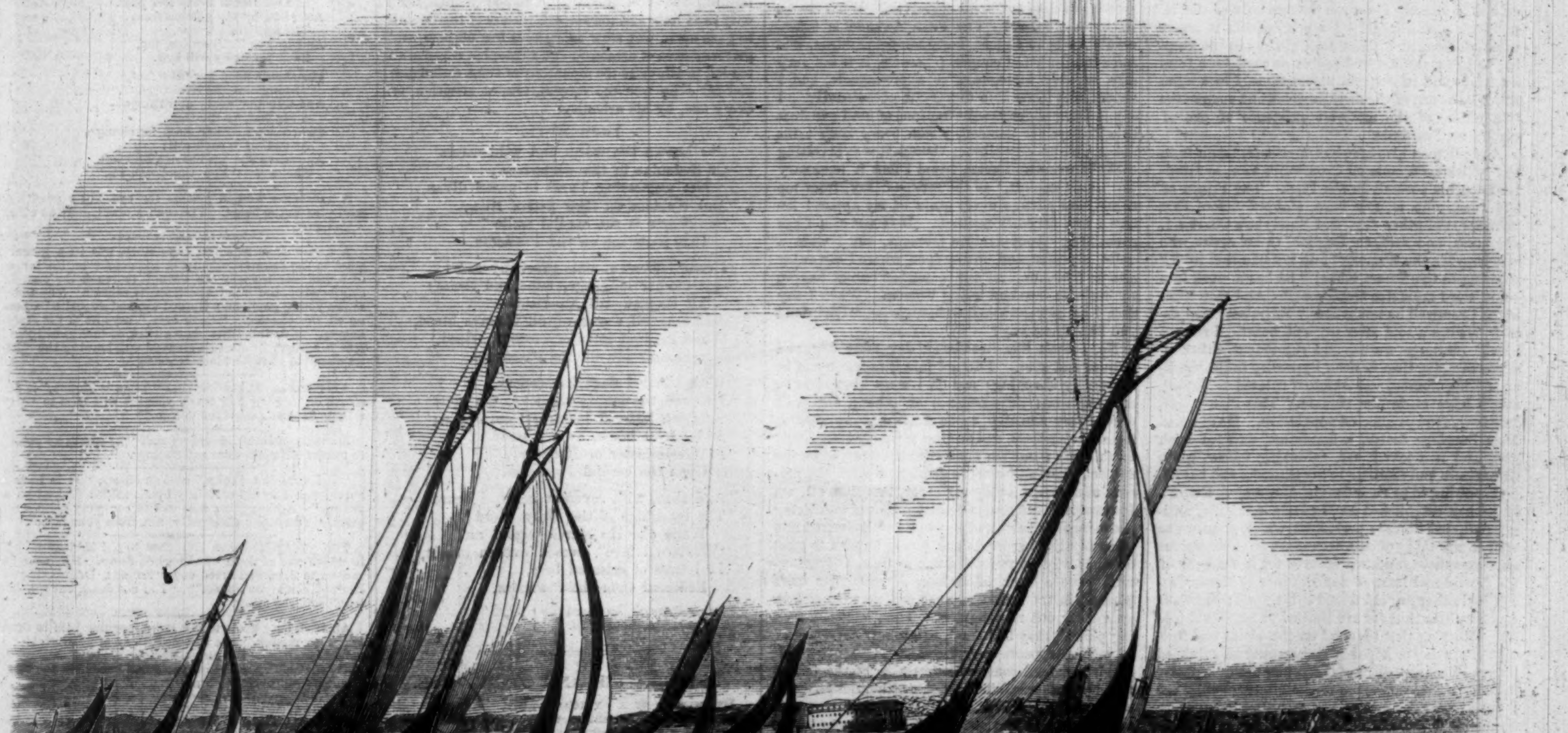
Then came the long sail homeward to the Long Island shore, which, in nine cases out of ten, decides the race. Here the heavy canvas of the large vessels began to tell; the *Haze* and *Favorita* gradually shot ahead, and—with the exception of the *Julia*, which still allowed herself to be led by several craft—the first-class yachts deserved their rank. The order in which the Long Island stake-boat was passed was as follows: *Favorita* leading, then the *Haze*, *Una*, *Julia*, *Sylvie*, *Escort*, *Minnie*, *Widgeon*, *Richmond*, *Lucky*. On the tack toward Staten Island the *Haze* struck a "happy vein of wind," and shot to windward past the *Favorita*, leading the race.

In a few minutes more the fleet was passing the home stake-boat in the following order: *Haze*, *Favorita*, *Sylvie*, *Julia*, *Una*, *Widgeon*, *Minnie*, *Escort*, *Madgie*, *Irene*, *Edgar*, *Richmond*, *Island Fawn*, *Lucky*, *Rowena*, *America*, *Margaret*, *Sea Drift*, *Undine*.

According to the rules laid down above, though the schooner *Haze* came in three minutes and the *Favorita* two minutes before the JULIA, still the allowance due to the latter on account of her inferiority of canvas gives her the first prize. The extra prize for schooners, on the same principle, was adjudged to the *Widgeon*; while the *Una* took the second class, and the *Edgar* the third class prize. Altogether the race was one of the best we have ever had. The sailing, seamanship, weather, and sport were alike excellent, and every body returned home in high good-humor—none more so than the friends of the late George Steers, to whom it must have been a peculiar gratification to see that three of his yachts had won the three first prizes.

It is to such contests that the United States owe their maritime successes.

The prizes, which were made by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., consist of a silver tankard and salver, ornamented with anchors and cables; a pair of vegetable dishes, with dolphins for feet and Neptune with his shell for handles; a silver liquor stand, ornamented with mermaids, sailors, and so forth.



THE REGATTA PASSING FORT HAMILTON, IN THE NARROWS.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FLORENCE, *May*, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—"*Dominus cum fortibus!*" Egad! you will exclaim, a droll commencement for a gossiping letter "from our own correspondent!" Well, then, "*Pax vobiscum!*" Now, if you are appeased, I will fit the bucket to the handle.

It was Frederick the Great and the Great Napoleon, I believe, who first publicly announced their belief in the providence of bayonets; a creed more held to than they like to avow. But a certain countess, not belonging to these parts, who has erected a beautiful palace on the new Lung l'Arno, has surmounted the façade with a huge coat-of-arms of innumerable quarterings, and underneath it, in letters of gold, cut in stone a foot high, has inscribed the words of my text. You can read it almost across the river, and a waggish friend insists upon translating it, "Devil catch the hindmost!" as a motto particularly applicable to the aristocratic society of this or any other latitude.

How are you off for weather? Sea-bathing began at Nice more than a month ago.

At one of the *séances* of Hume—the medium with the Emperor Napoleon—among other wonders, a ghostly hand appeared, and, in the presence of all, wrote the signature of the first Napoleon, so that it was recognized, to the astonishment and half-horror of all present. Hume, it seems, has promised, or the spirits through him, to Alexander Dumas, *père*, that he shall live to be one hundred and thirteen years old, and then be killed in a duel. Heaven forbid both notorieties to him, especially if his long lease of life is to be filled up in writing more such books as his latest. He has adopted in literature the lottery system of the sausage-vender at Paris, who gave out that each morning he put into one of his sausages a gold five-franc piece. The run upon his shop became something wholly unprecedented in the animal meat-trade. So with Dumas. He puts a morsel of wit somewhere in his books, and fools hasten to buy them in the hope of finding it.

We have many collectors of the beautiful and rare old cinque cento carved walnut furniture in the field. It is scarce and costly, but Miss Charlotte Cushman has secured a beautiful lot, including the fine statue of Giotto, as a shepherd boy, when discovered by Cimabue drawing a sheep's head on a stone. This is by Torrini, and is considered one of the best works of modern Italian art. Miss Cushman takes the entire collection to her London home. She is now *en route* for America.

By-the-way, Mrs. Browning tells a good joke of "Aurora Leigh," which she had lately from London. A certain nameless person, not of the most astute intellect, purchased a copy, and got so bewildered in pursuit of the poet's meaning that, in despair, he sent out and purchased a copy of Maunder's voluminous *Treasury of Knowledge* to enlighten his wits.

Robert Browning is the fortunate possessor of one of the two locks of Milton's hair now in existence. They have fallen into the right hands. Both originally belonged to Leigh Hunt, who divided his treasure with Browning, asking in exchange a lock of Mrs. Browning's and his hair. It would be difficult to decide on which side the compliment was most delicate and fitting. Milton's hair came to Hunt from Dr. Johnson's family, with a lock, also, of the astute critic's, who received it directly from the descendants of the republican poet himself. Its genuineness is above impeachment, and it has been always in the keeping of great and kindred souls; so that, both from its origin and subsequent associations, I look upon this relic as one of the most precious and suggestive that exists of the material existence of one of earth's noblest souls.

A gentleman also here has *three* hairs taken from the well-known mole on Cromwell's face, so familiar from his portrait in the Pitti. The Prince of Syracuse, who is now here, stopped before that painting, the other day, and Vandyke's Charles I. adjoining, and said, in English, to an artist who was copying the former, "I do not like that man," pointing to the Stuart King; "he has a weak face—his beard indicates feebleness." And then turning to Cromwell he remarked, "*There's the man for me!* He has a soul after my own heart. I respect him!" Strange words, and significant either of extreme radicalism or utter hypocrisy in the brother of King Bomba, and which, if uttered at Naples, might have made him trouble. This Prince has, however, always affected popularity. He married Miss Penelope Smith, a handsome, untitled Irish girl, and is a jovial, fat, rollicking fellow, quite democratic and familiar in his manners and habits, and aspiring to be an artist and *litterateur*. Recently he has established at Naples a scientific, antiquarian, and literary periodical, which promises as well as any thing of that nature can in so censorious an atmosphere, and has secured for it the pens of the liberal and learned Benedictines of Monte Casino, including my old friend Prior Tosti; but their contributions thus far are limited to mediæval topics. Nothing that touched on the needs and feelings of the day or hopes of Italy would be admitted as yet. The most ultra of the young talent of Italy, who have been applied to to contribute even at the liberal rate of ten dollars a page, refuse to have any thing to do with a journal edited by a Bourbon Prince. Perhaps they are right. But I can not but think it might become the means ultimately of better things, and secure them an influence which could be turned to useful account for their country. Much allowance must be made, however, for the land of extremes of passions and politics.

I saw at Naples lately a statue of an angel done by the Prince of Syracuse, which, for an artist of royal blood, was not bad. He is active also in antiquarian researches in the vicinity of Naples; in short, he has so good-natured and intelligent a face, contrasting so pleasantly with royal countenances in general in Italy, that for one I like him and his works so-so. Here, instead of going to live with his noble relations at the Pitti, he takes up his quarters at a hotel, rides about in a hack, and goes about on foot chatting familiarly with any one he fancies.

The addition of the sweet, sad Saxon face of the young Archduchess to the family circle of the Grand Duke is a great and pleasing contrast to their universal ugliness and heaviness of features. She is a great favorite with the Grand Duke, but seems not over gay, perhaps owing to her delicate health.

Have you any thing your way that can beat in absence of mind the following? A fair lady here, who is surrounded by quite a brilliant, intellectual circle, and of course is posted up in all the "on dits" of the city, receives among them a certain well-known Count ——, to whom she amiably relates the best things she has heard for his amusement. As invariably, on his next visit, he retails the same to her again as *his thunder*, and requests her to be very careful not to mention them to any one, especially if there be any political leaven in them, for fear of compromising himself.

Honor among thieves is proverbial. I have ascertained there is a code of honor even among Italian beggars. Any one who has visited Pisa knows that of all that class of men the Pisan beggars are the most pertinacious, dirty, and wretched; and you might as well try to escape an east wind in Boston as their assaults at Pisa. Upon a late visit I tried with perfect success a new expedient for relief, and I recommend it to the afflicted. Upon reaching the cathedral, I was surrounded with the usual foul and verminous—to coin the right word—*cortége*, who left me no more peace than if I had been the chief of sinners. At last I called out, "How much will you take, each one of you, not to come near me again while I remain in Pisa?" They formed a circle, debated it—perhaps it was establishing a dangerous precedent—and finally consented to let me alone if I would pay them each, cash on the spot, one *quattrino*. It takes five of this coin to a cent. There were fourteen of them. I paid them less than three cents in all, and for that sum they kept faithfully to their engagement; while if I had offered them ten times as much for the same liberty, they probably would have haggled for more. In fact a friend of mine who had long been pestered with one of this tribe offered him a monthly pension if he would spare him his whine and sores, but he declined, saying he preferred his daily chance of a pittance from his floating capital of lies and filth to any fixed allowance.

Yours at command, CICERONE.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

WHERE SHALL WE WALK?

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Two things are necessary for my happiness, and yet I seem destined to live without them. I require them particularly just now, that "our spring things" are completed, and our visits all paid (while the bonnets were yet fresh). These responsibilities being off one's mind for the present, what is a woman to do? What I want to satisfy me, is a good novel every week (a really good one, mind!), and a good place to walk in every day. For the latter, what *are* we to do? There is not a spot where we, needing air and exercise, can go and find either! The Central Park will be very well, no doubt, for the next generation; but for us, we shall have vanished altogether, or be too stiff with age and rheumatism to derive much benefit from it ourselves. What are we to do *now*, I ask? The Fifth Avenue is consecrated to school-girls, nursemaids, children, and some stray flirting couples; besides, it is not very airy or very interesting as a promenade, and I should like to be able to vary it occasionally. I say nothing about the alternations of mud and dust to which we are doomed, which every body talks about, and nobody alters; though it is so revolting that the moment I come home I find it necessary to "clean myself," as the servants say, from top to toe, and change every atom of my apparel before I feel decently purified. It is not *that* I am grumbling about at this moment, but I want a quiet, pleasant, and breezy spot, where I can enjoy a little fresh air, and not be jostled out of temper by business men and idling women. When I say this, I am always asked with surprise, "Oh! don't you like Broadway?"

No, I don't like Broadway, day after day, and forever and ever. I do not find it necessary to be constantly shopping; nor do I want always to be meeting some acquaintance or other; nor do I wish, every fine day, to be flattening my nose at the shop-windows, and staring at pretty things that I can't buy; nor am I perpetually anxious on the subject of the fashions, as displayed upon the persons of my own lovely sex; nor, less than all, am I incessantly desirous of the attentions of wandering gentlemen, as bestowed upon any well-dressed and tolerably-looking woman they may happen to meet on their way up town. Some of these knights-errant have a trick of looking direct under one's parasol, in the rudest manner too, no matter how guardedly one may hold it. Then, perhaps, having passed, they look back to see how the object of attraction appears from the rear. Observing this line of conduct, some other member of the fraternity becomes much interested, and hurries forward, all curiosity, to look also. If respectful enough *not* to turn and face one direct, he proceeds to the largest and brightest store-window at hand, and, planting himself sideways, commands a good view of the lady, and of her reflection in the glass at the same time. This is a frequent "dodge," and it generally answers the purpose; but if it happens to be impracticable, from the nature of the *locale*, or the presence of too many pedestrians (which, of course, disturbs the mirror), he walks at a quick pace to the end of the block, and returns at a very slow one, staring steadily all the while, until he has thoroughly satisfied himself as to one's *physique*. Now I call this impertinence—downright impertinence; and it generally makes my blood boil.

"You impudent puppy!" I am inclined to say, and in a very distinct tone too. But that which makes me so doubly indignant, is the utter impossibility of resenting it in any way without losing our dignity. I long to avenge myself somehow or other, and I can't; for the most frigidly icy glance, in return for this ardor of attention, is considered rather encouraging than otherwise! Nothing will do but a good assumption of profound indifference, and that is not always sufficient; but if we manifested our anger, either by look or manner, we should be pronounced "vixenish" and "unladylike." One should say to these gentlemen (?), as we do to the domestics, "No followers allowed!"

They make such blunders, too, some of them. If one happen to be short-sighted, and, fancying to recognize a friend, look too fixedly at a perfect stranger, ten to one the coxcomb will consider it tantamount to a declaration, or that, at the most modest estimate, we are very much struck with him. Conceited creatures! And then they stroll home, after making many of us quite uncomfortable, cheering themselves with the pleasing conviction that they are very fine fellows indeed, desperate lady-killers, and altogether irresistible!

Now there is some admiration one is never sorry to receive, but it *must be respectful*; I would have that distinctly understood. This very day, for instance (I believe I *was* looking very well), after enduring sundry little insolences of the kind described, an honest workman whom I met stood stock still, at some paces off, with respectful homage in his rough countenance, and waited until I had passed by. I have no objection to *that*.

Nor do I mind the remarks of simple-hearted juveniles. Some French lady used to say she knew her good looks had gone when the little boys ceased to admire her in the streets. On this principle I like the attentions of little boys, and have no objection to *them*. But that sort of indiscriminate and impudent staring—not at one, but at all—is disagreeable and offensive; and I must own it embarrasses me sometimes. I begin to think I must be looking very *outré*, or that my skirts are coming down, or that something or other is wrong; and in *my* turn I make use of the longest and cleanest shop-window to ascertain if I am "all right." Don't you call this sort of thing very troublesome and reprehensible, and don't you agree with me that it is extremely irritating to be obliged to walk calmly on, with a countenance mild and unconscious as an infant's, when one's eyes are longing to flash fire, and one's hands to give a good sound box on the ear? Don't you think, too, with me, that some peaceful retreat, where modest-minded and retiring women can enjoy an unmolested walk, would be a comfort to us?

As to my other necessity—a good novel—I must talk of that by-and-by. For the present, adieu!

Yours always, etc.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

THE following lines were written by Sir John Bowring, impromptu, on board the *Powhatan*, and left lying on one of the mess-tables. She was then in company with H. M.'s steamer *Rattler*, lying off the Peiho River, trying to open negotiations with Pekin, and Mr. M'Lane with Sir John were on board, in their official capacities as embassadors. Of course nothing was accomplished. A tedious month, with only mud flats and the smooth waters of the Pechili to gaze upon, was slow enough—a few dinners, and performances of dramatic and Ethiopian companies tended to alleviate the monotony of those dull days; and Sir John won the esteem, almost affection, of every one, by his urbanity.

IMPROMPTU.

I've known the warm and wild caress
Of Bedouins in the wilderness;
  Met welcoming Turks in proud divan,
And Nubians on their native Nile;
But dearer is the cordial smile
  That hails me on the *Powhatan*.

I come—what accents greet my ears!
Our mother language, mine and theirs:
  All English—all American—
And soon all thoughts, all feelings blend,
While kindred links of brother, friend,
  Surround and fill the *Powhatan*.

With blended flags for scenery,
I shared the laugh, the joke, the glee,
  'Neath lettered lanterns from Japan;
And felt at home, as if I stood
In Westminster or Holyrood,
  Upon the cordial *Powhatan*.

And then, with reverent heart, I heard
The teachings of the Holy Word;
  While o'er the sacred page I ran,
"Fraternal love" seemed written bright,
In letters of celestial love,
  Reflected from the *Powhatan*.

J. B.

BAY OF PECHILI, on board the
Powhatan, *October* 30.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

DEFINITION BY A CYNICAL BRUTE.—*The most Delicate Attention.*—Inattention, when a man is talking nonsense, or a woman is talking at all.

A POPULAR DELUSION.—It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to Society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to Society. In short, Society is the Master, and Man is the Servant; and it is entirely according as Society proves a good or bad master, whether the Man turns out a good or bad servant.

A lady's maid hooked one of the best of her mistress's dresses the other day, but the affair was passed over because it was done behind the lady's back—so that there was nobody to testify to the fact.

A MEAN WRETCH.—JUST LIKE 'EM.

MR. JONES. "How pretty your bonnet looks, my dear!"
MRS. JONES. "Lor', *Henry*, it is quite an old one."
MR. JONES. "That fact constitutes its chief prettiness, my economical love."

It is said of Dean Swift that he preached before the Merchant Tailors' Company at three several anniversaries. The first time he took for his text, "Steal no more!" The members of the company took umbrage at this text. On the following anniversary he chose the words, "A remnant shall be saved!" His audience were more irritated than before. Nevertheless, he began his third sermon as follows: "There were lice in their quarters!"

"Father, I hate that Mr. S——!" said a beauty the other day to her honored parent.

"Why so, my daughter?"

"Because he always stares at me when he meets me in the street."

"But, my child, how do you know that Mr. S—— stares at you?"

"Why, because I have repeatedly seen him do it."

"Well, Julia, don't you look at that impudent man again when you meet him, and then he may stare his eyes out without annoying you in the least. Remember that it always takes two pair of eyes to make a stare."

A woman a short time since appeared at the lower police court in New York city, and, going up to the judge, addressed him, as nearly as our reporter could understand, as follows:

"R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

The judge at once called the interpreter of the court. "Here, F——, this woman speaks a foreign language." The interpreter said:

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?" "R-r-r-r-r-r."
"Parlez vous Français?" "R-r-r-r-r-r."
"Habla Español?" "R-r-r-r-r-r."
"Parlate Italiano?" "R-r-r-r-r-r."

The lingual accomplishments of the interpreter were now exhausted, and he turned away in despair, when an Irishman present suddenly exclaimed, "Och, yer honor! it's mesilf can spake with the leddy, sure." Pat tried his hand, and succeeded to admiration. She spoke the unadulterated Irish language.

A young gentleman, the other day, asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general?

"Not knowing, I can not tell," was the reply; "but if you and I would put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

A coat out at the elbow may be buttoned over a generous heart.

We have lately heard of a minister named Craig, who purchased a whistle, and, when his hearers went to sleep, he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awake, and stood up to hear him. "You are certainly smart specimens of humanity," he said, as he slowly gazed at his wondering people; "when I preach the Gospel, you go to sleep; when I play the fool, you are wide awake."

A thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, was picking up a large number of small pieces of whalebone which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he supposed they came there? "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice; "but I 'spect some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout somewhere."

"You flatter me," said a thin exquisite, the other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauties of his mustache.

"For mercy's sake, ma'am," interposed an old skipper, "don't make that monkey any flatter than he is."

An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered, "If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first flure."

May Taylor must have worn a Hood when she wrote these lines on "the Vegetable Girl:"

Behind a market stall installed,
  I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
  I've met with in the bay;
Her two lips are of cherry red,
  Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn-up nose,
  And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,
  Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
  She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
  The apple of her eye,
And by her Chili apples, too,
  Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
  Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
  A big feat, by-the-way.
She changes off her stock for change,
  Attending to each call;
And when she has but one beet left,
  She says—"Now that beat's all."

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one's a jewel, and the other a treasure.

A friend of ours, a few days since, was in a grocery store in the country, when two boys came in, the larger of whom was scarcely tall enough to reach the counter comfortably, the other two biscuits shorter. The taller of the young gentlemen tiptoed up, and deposited a penny on the counter. "Look here," says he to the storekeeper, "give this little chap a stick of candy, will you? I'm in a hurry." And he stepped out, leaving the "little chap" to wait for his sweetening.

A correspondent hearing that "Time is Money," is desirous of learning how many years it will take to "pay a little debt of a hundred dollars!"

A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly by all means make him a parson." A clergyman who was in company calmly replied, "You think differently, Sir, from your father."

Two young Irishmen happened to get into an affray, in which one of them was knocked down. His comrade ran up to him, and cried out, "Zounds, Dennis, if you be dead, can't you *spake*?" "I'm not dead, but spacheless," said the other.

An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

A young friend of ours was engaged in teaching mutes. He was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle "dis," and requested one of them to write on the black board a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one immediately stepped forward and wrote the following: "Boys love to *play*, but girls to *dis*-play."

An advertisement lately appeared, headed, "Iron bedsteads and *bedding*." We suppose the linen must be *sheet*-iron.

A wag proposes to publish a new paper, to be called the *Comet*, with an original *tale* every week.

"Why, Charley," said a Yankee to a negro preacher, "you can't even tell who made the monkey."

"Oh, yes I can, massa!"

"Well, who made the monkey?"

"Why, massa, the same one made the monkey *that made you!*"

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

The best cough mixture: A suit of warm clothing, mixed with plenty of air and plenty of exercise.

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one: 1. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth.—2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.—3. As a sailor, he sheers off wherever it is proper.—4. As a play-actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.—5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.—6. As an executioner, he provides suspenders for many persons.—7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.—8. As a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging.—9. As a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others.

LOGIC.

EDDIE (*a very smart boy*). "Pa, how many chickens are there on that dish?"

PARENT. "Two, my son."

EDDIE. "No, there are three. This one is one, and that is two—and don't one and two make three?"

PARENT. "Well, then, your mother may have one, I'll take the other, and you may have the third for your dinner!"

MRS. PARTINGTON ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—Don't put too much diffidence in a lover's words, my dear niece. He may tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart. I like to go to weddings, though (the good lady added); I like to hear young people promise to love, humor, and nourish each other; but it's a solemn thing when the minister comes into the chancery with his surplice on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband who turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, "With my goods I thee endow." He used to keep a draper's shop then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterward that it meant only one cotton dress a year!

"There is no place like home," says the poet. Right! unless it's the home of the young woman you're after. This is, of course, an exception. Future poets will please to note it.

One of the best "hits" ever made at an impropriety in a lady's dress was made by Talleyrand. During the Revolution, when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied, "It began too late, and ended too soon."

Mrs. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she snored in her sleep: "I don't know, marm," replied Becky, quite innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to diskiver."

A French abbé, calling one day upon a bishop, was invited to stay and dine. "My lord," replied the conscientious man, with a very demure and a scandalized look, "I have already had a breakfast, a substantial luncheon, and a capital dinner, and I beg leave to remind your lordship of what you seem to have completely forgotten—this is the fast day!"

An empty coxcomb, after having engrossed the attention of the company for some time with himself and his petty ailments, observed to the celebrated caustic, Dr. Parr, that he could never go out without catching cold in his head. "No wonder," said the doctor, rather pettishly; "you always go out without any thing in it."

A Chinese in Australia was a witness at an inquest. He was asked how he took an oath? He said, "On the book." The magistrate then asked if he were a Christian. He replied that he was. The magistrate then inquired what he meant by being a Christian. The witness answered, "Oh, wearing a coat like yours, and being a great swell!"

A scholar, a little boy in the Cambrian institution for the deaf and dumb, on being asked a question which he was not prepared to answer, thought for a moment, then wrote on his slate, "Short of information on the subject." How many might learn from this child!

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school in a fast neighborhood.

"*I* have!" shouted a six-year old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" inquired old spectacles, amused by his earnestness.

"On the elephant," was the reply.

"Why don't you buy a thingumbob, and what-do-you-call-it your sidewalk with it every morning?" asked one neighbor of another.

"Because I hain't got no what's-his-name to buy it with," replied the neighbor.

Ned Shuter thus explained his reasons for preferring to wear stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is premeditated poverty."

"Do you understand me now?" thundered a country pedagogue to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand.

"I've got an *ink*ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

At a very learned discussion on strata, the other day, at the house of Professor Agassiz, a Mr. B—— asked if there were any strata of precious gems.

"No, none whatever," replied the professor.

"I've heard of one," said Mr. B——.

"Impossible!" was the rejoinder.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. B——, "and it was called a *stratagem!*"

Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more displeased than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles. A woman, knowing Abernethy's love of the laconic, having burned her hand, called at his house. Showing him her hand, she said, "A burn." "A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day she returned, and said, "Better." "Continue the poultice," replied Dr. Abernethy. In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words, "Well. Your fee?" "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

Dr. Webster, a wit and celebrated preacher, was fond of a drop of claret. A friend, on whom he had called one day, said he would give him a treat, and produced a bottle of the doctor's favorite wine, adding that it was upward of fifty years old. Being only a pint bottle, the doctor took it lovingly in his hand, and said, "Dear me, but it's unco little o' its age!"

"Conscience!" said Mrs. Hopkins, indignantly, "do you suppose that nobody has got any conscience but yourself? My conscience is as good as yours—yes, and better, too, for it has never been *used* in the course of my *whole* life, while yours must be nearly worn out."

"Mister, have you seen a yaller dog going along here, about a year, year and a half, or two years old?"

"Yes," replied the chopper, supposing the Yankee was quizzing him, "yes, I saw a yaller dog going along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago, and you'll find him a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead, with a tail about an inch, an inch and a half, or two inches long."

"Hold on! that'll do, stranger! I calkilate you are into me about a feet, a feet and a half, or two feet."

The other day the conductor of a train on a New York railroad discovered an Irishman in the car, soon after starting from Rome, and demanded his fare.

"Be the piper o' Moses, an' sure I've got no money, your honor," said Pat, with the utmost coolness.

The conductor, after lecturing him, told him to leave at the first stopping-place, not far distant. Accordingly, Pat was one of the first to get off at the next station. But judge of the conductor's surprise and wrath, to find him aboard when fairly under way.

"Did not I tell you to get off?"

"Faix, an' sure I did, too."

"Why, then, are you here again?"

"Be Jabers! and didn't yer honor call out, 'All aboard?'"

The conductor gave in, told him to get off at the next station, and he would take care that he shouldn't come on again. But the next station was as far as he intended to go, and Pat left, well satisfied with his ride.

Foote was rattling one evening in the green-room, when a nobleman, who seemed highly entertained, cried out:

"Well, Foote, you see I swallow all the good things."

"Do you, my lord?" said the wit; "then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never throw one of them up."

A FLY-LEAF INSCRIPTION.

A WARNING TO BOOK-THIEVES.

Si quisquis fureter,
This little *libellum,*
Per Bacchum, per Jovem!
I'll kill him, I'll fell him.
In ventum illius
I'll stick my *scalpellum*
And teach him to steal
My little *libellum.*

"Spiritualistic" explanations remind us very much of the old gentleman who expounded so clearly to his inquiring progeny the movement of the steam-engine. "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here, goes down through that hole, and fastens on to the—jigamaree, and that connects with the—crinkum-crankum, and then that man, he's the engineer, you know, kind o' stirs up the what-d'ye-call-it, with his long poker, and they all shove along, and the boat goes ahead."

After a christening at church, while the minister was making out the certificate, he happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th?" "Thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed it is only the *eleventh!*" The minister was alluding to the day of the month—the lady to the family statistics.

A little girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce, saved as much rain-water as she could and sold it to the washer-woman for a cent a bucket, and in this way cleared nearly five dollars for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the Secretary she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," said he. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "Rain from heaven."

In this city the "eye of the law" has become so defective from age that it is proposed to aid it by means of a pupil.

The attention of a little girl being called to a rose-bush, on whose topmost stem the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she died."

One day a tyrannical Emperor went to the outside of the city unattended. He accosted a man sitting under a tree as follows:

"What sort of a man is the Emperor of the country? Is he a tyrant or a just man?"

"He is a great tyrant," replied the man.

"Do you not know me?" said the Emperor.

"No," said the man.

The Emperor said, "I am the Emperor of the country."

The man was frightened and asked, "Do you know me?"

"No," said the Emperor.

The man replied, "I am the son of a certain merchant; every month during the space of three days I become mad. To-day is one of those days."

The tyrant laughed, and said no more to him.

It happened some years ago, in one of the northern counties of Vermont, that the then State Attorney, though a man of great legal ability, was rather too fond of the "critter," and with a perversity of habit, which we have often seen in others, was pretty sure to drink too deep at the very time when it was most necessary that he should be sober. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the Clerk, but the Attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair, being, in fact, not fairly able to stand on his feet.

"Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge.

"Yes—hic—no, your honor," stammered the lawyer, "the State—hic—is not in a state to try this case to-day—the State, your honor, is drunk!"

In the Indiana House of Representatives, on Tuesday, Mr. Larue presented the following petition:

"Dated Petersburg, Tipton county. To the senate and house of representatives now in session: I pray you to grant me a bill to divorce from my wife, Caroline Bunch, as she wants one, or to be free from me, and I want to be free from her. She has violated all laws of husband and wife. We have separated. The violation is bad. So I pray your honors, as you have all authority, to send us a bill of divorce, as this is your business. I pray you grant me this request. Send it to Petersburg, Tipton county, Indiana. Send it soon, as she wants to go to Ohio as soon as it is obtained.

"WM. S. BUNCH."

The petition was referred to the committee on benevolent institutions.

MONEY.

Money goes,
No one knows;
Where it goeth,
No one showeth.
Here and there,
Every where.
Run, run,
Dun, dun,
Spend, spend,
Lend, lend,
Send, send.
Flush to-day,
Short to-morrow;
Notes to pay,
Borrow, borrow.
So it goes,
No one knows;
Where it goeth,
No one showeth.

At a Democratic meeting in Pike County, Pennsylvania, while the committee were out writing resolutions, a sturdy old farmer rose and addressed the Chair:

"Mr. Pres*ident*, mout I say a word?" asked he.

"The meeting will be proud to hear from you, Mr. Subsoil."

"Well, Mr. Pres*ident*, enduren of the time the committee's out, *couldn't you tell us all how you've bedded your 'taters?*"

There was a great laugh at Subsoil's expense, but his question involved a matter of more practical importance than such as often come before political meetings.

What is the difference between a successful lover and his rival?

The one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss.

True joy is a serene and sober motion: and they are miserably out, that take laughing for rejoicing: the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind that has fortune under its feet.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, June* 8, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were more freely supplied with the leading articles, and prices of such favored buyers. Breadstuffs were in fair request, but at lower and somewhat irregular prices. Ordinary to extra State Flour. $6 50 @ $7 10; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 60 @ $6 90; low to choice extra Western do. $6 90 @ $10 50; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 30 @ $10 00; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 70 @ $8 75; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $[illegible] 50 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 50 @ $6 25; Corn Meal, nominally, $4 25 for Jersey, and $4 50 for Brandywine, per barrel. White Wheat $1 65 @ $1 90; Red Wheat $1 40 @ $1 70; Mixed Corn, in store, 91 @ 92 c.; Yellow Corn 94 @ 96 c.; White Corn 95 @ 98 c.; Northern Rye, which had fallen to $1 11 @ $1 15, closed at $1 20 @ $1 25; Western Oats 68 @ 70 c.; State do. 63 @ 67 c.; Jersey do. 62 @ 66; Southern do. 56 @ 58 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 70, per bushel. Cotton was heavy, and a shade cheaper. Middling Uplands 13¾ @ 14 c.; do. Gulfs 14¼ @ 14½ c., per pound. Provisions were pretty freely dealt in at, in the main, full prices. We now quote: Mess Pork $23 70 @ $23 80; Prime Pork $19 25; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $31 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 50 @ $24 00 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13½ c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14¼ @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 18 @ 26 c.; Cheese 7 @ 11 c., per pound. Coffee was in better request, and continued very firm; while Sugars, Molasses, and Teas were rather sparingly sought after at previous quotations. Rice found ready buyers at steady rates. No very important movement occurred in other commodities.

Freights were dull and irregular. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3s. @ 3s. 6d. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3½d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 1s. per tierce; Rosin, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel: and Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations.

Several prominent subscribers to the New York Corn Exchange are making an effort to induce the Board of Trustees to have posted on the Bulletin of the Corn Exchange, daily, telegraphic reports of the markets for Breadstuffs and Provisions, in Oswego, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and other points. They believe that arrangements could be made with the Associated Press of this city, so as to render the expense of procuring such reports inconsiderable, and they urge that such a system of publishing domestic commercial news would elevate the character of the Corn Exchange, conduce to the welfare of the business community, and greatly enlarge the list of subscribers to the Exchange Association.

The following is a comparative statement of the stocks of several articles, here, about June 1:

	1856.	1857.
Coffee, packages	118,300	[illegible]
Cotton, bales	53,400	63,000
Hemp, bales	10,537	9,826
Hemp, tons	—	85
Hides, number	123,000	160,800
Leather, Sole, sides	68,500	110,200
Molasses, hogsheads	4,250	12,351
Molasses, barrels	1,735	10,519
Pork, barrels	13,616	49,925
Beef, barrels and tierces	50,543	22,654
Rice, tierces	5,519	3,271
Rice, bags	—	1,300
Sugars, hogsheads	35,019	76,691
Sugars, bags	4,850	12,500
Sugars, boxes	4,556	23,113
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads	3,457	5,024
Tobacco, crude, bales	6,821	9,583
Tobacco, manufactured, packages	28,189	46,764

The estimated stock of Hops in the country is 22,000 bales, including 12,000 bales of last year's crop; 6000 bales of the crop of 1855; and 4000 bales of the crop of 1854.

The Live Stock Market was decidedly firmer and more buoyant, owing to the small number of Beef Cattle offered for sale. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, did not exceed 1949 Beeves, 385 Milch Cows, 1084 Veal Calves, 4584 Sheep and Lambs, and 1104 Swine, against 3060 Beeves, 370 Milch Cows, 843 Veal Calves, 4329 Sheep and Lambs, and 3205 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle received were from Illinois and Ohio, the farmers hereabouts being too busy in planting to bring their cattle to market. They were also kept back by the large decline last week. Prices went up again nearly 1½ c. per pound, or about to the rates of two weeks since, with estimate weights slightly favoring the buyers. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 11 for the poorest to 14½ c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 13 c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were rather less sought after, and, though not generally cheaper, prices leaned in favor of buyers. Veal Calves were moderately dealt in at unaltered rates. Sheep and Lambs were more freely offered and purchased at previous full quotations. The quality of both the Sheep and Lambs now arriving is improving—the former in flesh and the latter in age. Swine were less abundant and in fair request at 7¼ @ 7½ c. for live, and 9¼ @ 9½ c. for dressed, corn-fed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market presents no remarkably new features.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$4 00	@	$8 00
" Dried, State, per pound	11	@	13
" " Southern, per pound	10	@	12
Strawberries, per quart box	45	@	55
" per basket	15	@	25
Cherries, per pound	15	@	18
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
" " (unpeeled), per pound	9	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel	$2 50	@	$5 00
" new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$6 00
" Sweet, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
Onions, new, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 00
" per pound	2¼	@	3½
Turnips, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
" new, per 100 bunches	$4 50	@	$5 50
Tomatoes, per box	50	@	75
Asparagus, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 50
Spinach, per barrel	$1 00	@	$1 25
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
" per dozen	25	@	37½
Shallots, per 100 bunches	$6 00	@	$7 00
Rhubarb, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
White Beans, per bushel	—	@	$2 25
String Beans, new, per barrel	$8 00	@	$10 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	75	@	$1 25
Squashes, new, per barrel	$5 00	@	—
Parsley, per dozen	37½	@	50
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	22
" State, per pound	18	@	26
Cheese, State, per pound	7	@	11
Lard, per pound	14¼	@	14½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14½	@	15
Fowls, per pound	18	@	20
Live Fowls, per pair	87½	@	$1 25
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	15	@	22½
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	20
Geese, per pound	12	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 25	@	$2 50
Yellow Leg Snipe, per dozen	$2 25	@	$3 00
Beef, per pound	10	@	14
Mutton, per pound	10½	@	15
Lamb, per pound	12	@	18
Veal, per pound	10	@	12½
Pork, per pound	8½	@	9½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, June* 8, 1857.

THE trade of the port was again large. It compares as follows with last year.

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 6, 1857	$4,284,107	$1,139,714
Corresponding week, 1856	4,063,233	2,206,677
Increase of Imports	$220,874	
Decrease of Exports		$1,066,963

The specie export of the week was very small from this port, falling somewhat short of half a million of dollars. But the steamer from Boston on Wednesday took $1,220,000, of which about a million was forwarded from hence. There is, however, no change as yet in the condition of money. There is no demand for it; and the supply at the ordinary rates of interest is abundant.

The fall in stocks during the week has been heavy. Michigan Southern is now 12, Cleveland and Toledo 9, New York and Erie 8, New York Central 4, Michigan Central 2 per cent. below where they were the last week in May. There is no investment going on in railway stocks, and a general want of confidence in the speculative kinds.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BULWER'S NEW NOVEL.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT," the new Story, by Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., is commenced in this week's HARPER'S WEEKLY, by arrangement with the Author, and will be continued to completion.

"*Harper's Weekly* now stands at the head of the American Weeklies. It combines the usefulness of the Illustrated London News with high literary excellence and an endless store of amusement. In this respect it is unique in the world. It has published the best illustrations, the best stories, the two best poems, and is now publishing the best novel, that have been presented to the American public this year."

The Proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to say, that they will spare no labor or expense to make each successive number of the Weekly better than the last. TERMS, *Five Cents* a Number; $2 50 a year.

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CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas, Counterfeiters and Imitators, moved by a desire to share the profits accruing from the sale of Lyon's Magnetic Powder and Pills with the inventor of those articles, have got up a variety of poisonous compounds to represent the same; therefore, be it known, that the only poisonless, infallible, and immediate means of destroying Bedbugs, Roaches, Plant Lice, Ants, Moths, Flies, and other Insects, is Lyon's Magnetic Powder; and that the only preparation which can be depended upon for cleaning Houses, Cellars, Barns, Stores, Warehouses, &c., of Rats and Mice, is Lyon's Magnetic Pills. The Certificates to this effect are of a higher character than were ever before given to an inventor or discoverer of any article used for domestic purposes. Lyon has received four National Medals, together with Letters from Prince Albert, the King of Prussia, the President of the United States, and the first scientific men in Europe and America. He invites attention to the same, at his Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

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AURO PLASTIC MASTICATORS.

I will insert my newly-invented Masticators or Jaw Teeth, and guarantee them to be quite as useful as the natural teeth, and require no payment until after a fair trial. Those having natural front teeth need use the Masticators at table only.

B. F. SMITH, Dentist (late of New Orleans),
No. 5 Leroy Place, 10 doors west of Broadway, in Bleeker Street.

"GREAT SALE OF WET GOODS."
$67,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS,
Damaged by Fire,
LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,
Sale to commence each day at 10 o'clock,
And continue until the whole Stock is disposed of. All Wet and Damaged Goods sold at Fifty per Cent. under former prices.

THE STOCK CONSISTS OF
Linen Sheetings, Towelings, &c.
Silks and Embroideries.
Shawls and Mantillas.
French Lawns and Muslin, Calicoes, Sheeting, and Table Linens.

N.B. Damaged Canton Crape Shawls, Hosiery, and Silks will also be sold.

EGAN & CO.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—In this preparation we have all the restorative properties of the root combined and concentrated in all their strength and efficacy. It speedily purifies the blood, restores to the stomach its tone, and imbues with healthful impulses the entire organization.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

CONSUMPTION. Old Dr. H. JAMES'S wonderful remedy, prepared with great care and expense by his recipe, can be obtained immediately, with full directions, at the depot, 510 Broadway, N. Y. ($2 00 per bottle), of Dr. BIRLSEY, Agent.

CATARRH!—Victims of this disease!—Pitiable victims also of medical ignorance and failure!—But still more the miserable dupes of mercenary nostrums and "humbugs."—Your confidence has been misplaced—your hopes blighted—your purse drained—and your patience exhausted! No wonder you complain, and say, "I thought doctors could cure Catarrh, but I find their prescriptions no better than quack snuffs."—Too true. But, suspend your complaint; cherish your confidence. Catarrh *can* be cured. It is *now* understood. Dr. R. GOODALE *knows* its origin, cause, and the means of cure. He does not *guess* at them. He invites the worst cases to the test of his "*Errhine*"—a liquid to be inhaled only, and, if presented at 385 Broadway, N. Y., the fact of its curability will be fully demonstrated.

Consultation on the subject of Catarrh *free*, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

R. E. MESSENGER & Co., 58 Fulton Street, Offer for Sale to the Trade or to Families, a fine Stock of WINES THAT ARE WINES,
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SCOTCH, IRISH, AND BOURBON WHISKIES,
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The finest Gin in the market, and so pronounced by the best Chemists in the United States.

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BOGLE'S Hyperion Fluid for Growth of Hair,
BOGLE'S Prize Medal Electric Hair Dye,
BOGLE'S Balm of Cytherea for the Complexion
are unapproachable in their excellences. Wholesale Depot Bogle's Bazaar, Boston, and sold by all Druggists.